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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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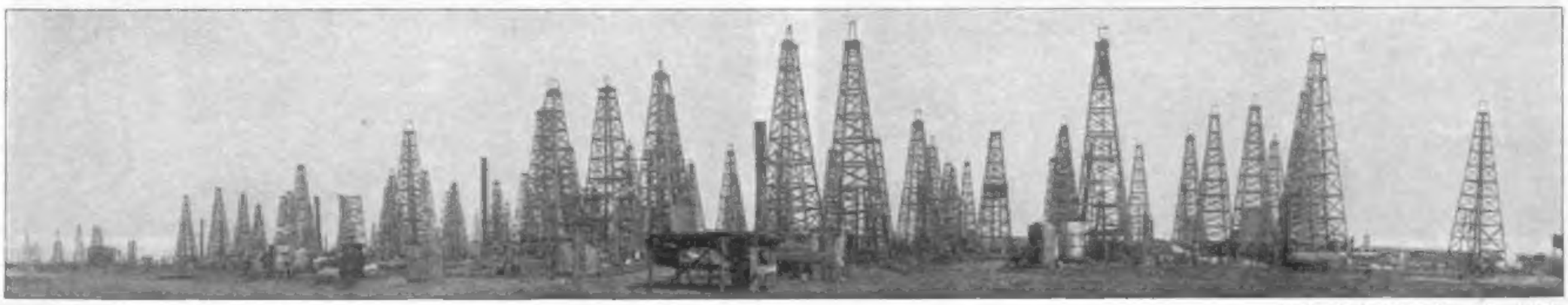
Boom Times in Texas

Good Luck Stories of the Oil Fields

By Robert Shackleton



The forest of derricks on Spindle Top Heights

IN THE midst of a broad and level Texas plain a forest has suddenly risen—a forest of derricks, close-packed and crowded together—and the product of that forest is oil. In the wild financial scramble to gain that oil a few have become millionaires, many have made their thousands, from others has been taken away even that which they had.

Patillo Higgins
Who sunk the first well

Fabulous prices have been paid for land. Fields that were bare and practically valueless have been cut up into little sections and sold for prodigious sums. Land that was of only nominal value—worth perhaps a dollar an acre—has been subdivided into sixteenths and thirty-seconds and sold at the rate of $400,000 an acre. On a part of Spindle Top Heights the derricks are crowded so close together that a man can scarcely squeeze between.

Spindle Top Heights, the principal of the Texas oil fields, is five miles from the town of Beaumont. There are other parts of the State where oil has been found, but none where it has been found in such amount—nowhere else in the world, indeed, has oil ever been found in such gushing quantities. A spot so low and so gradual of ascent—the "height"—that you drive upon it without noticing that you are leaving the dead level of the plain; you would not think of it as a height at all were it not for the clumped derricks on its top. But to the residents of that part of Texas any spot which, like this, rises ever so gradually fifteen or twenty feet above the general level, is a marked eminence.

Far over at one side a thin black line breaks across the plain and marks where the Neches, silent and dark and deep, crawls on its way to the Gulf, with a fringe of liveoaks and magnolias and palmettos, thick-cloaked and close-hooded in long and clinging moss, standing with feet in the sluggish water.

Strange tales are told of the great excitement of the early days of the oil boom, before the finding of "dusters" (as dry wells are termed in the succinctly dry parlance of the country) showed the producing area to be limited. And to me, by far the most absorbing of the stories were those concerning the people to whom unexpected wealth suddenly came; people who had thought of a modest competence, or even of the avoidance of actual poverty, as the height of possible ambition.

Patillo, the Prophet of Oil

Some quarter of a century ago an old minister, traveling through Texas for some never known or now forgotten reason, declared that a stream of oil underlay the State, and that a centre of it was beneath what is now termed Spindle Top, but which then had no name at all. But it was a voice crying in the wilderness, and none there was to heed it, except a freckle-faced boy of ten years, who listened, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, and then went away and forgot about it for a time. He was Pat Higgins (not Patrick, but Patillo), and as he grew into young manhood he became the acknowledged leader in every variety of humorous mischief. He was absolutely worshiped, unquestioningly obeyed, by other lads. At times the mischief took a turn which annoyed the older and more staid inhabitants, but Pat was never molested. He was a dead shot—spin a silver dollar into the air and his bullet would clip it ere it touched the ground—and his mischief passed unchecked.

But one night he filled a great iron kettle with powder, and wrapped it round and round with rope, and set it off in the middle of the main street of Beaumont, shattering glass and driving frightened people from their beds. A new constable had vowed to arrest "Bud" Higgins on the next occasion when his mischievousness should pass lawful bounds, and so he sought the young man out. The two met; each was armed, each fired, and each fell. Then, for the first time, Higgins submitted to arrest.

A jury found him entirely blameless, but he left the prison a changed man. He joined a church and soon astounded the other members by the rigidity of his doctrinal views and the fervency of his prayers. He went to Sunday-school and was given a class of little girls to teach. And this religious excitement brought back the memory of the minister who had told of oil. On Spindle Top were a couple of oily pools, streaked and greasy. Higgins got a geology and read a little. He became convinced that oil was really there. As a lad he had once gone out to Spindle Top and, on a dare, jumped into one of the pools, heels over head, and had then given it out that the pool was of incalculable value medicinally; and people for miles around, following his lead even as his "gang" had followed it, went there, and, solemn-eyed, carried the oozy stuff home. "It wasn't nice to bathe with," one old lady told me; "but when we mixed it with water and drank it it tasted pretty much like lemonade;" and then she laughed as she told that it had all been due to the madcap prank of Higgins.

Higgins formed a company, including several capitalists of Beaumont. He laid out a map of a new town, and the company secured the land. It included half of Spindle Top and stretched over toward the railroad, a half mile away. And Higgins mapped a map which showed regularly laid-off streets, a town hall, a school, a public square, and many buildings; and about and among all this he tucked the magic word, "Oil, oil, oil." This was nine years ago.

And to a little girl of his Sunday-school class he gave two of the lots, and named the town in her honor, Gladys City. And the little girl—now a young woman—recently awoke to find herself the owner of a valuable tract in what is termed the "proven district."

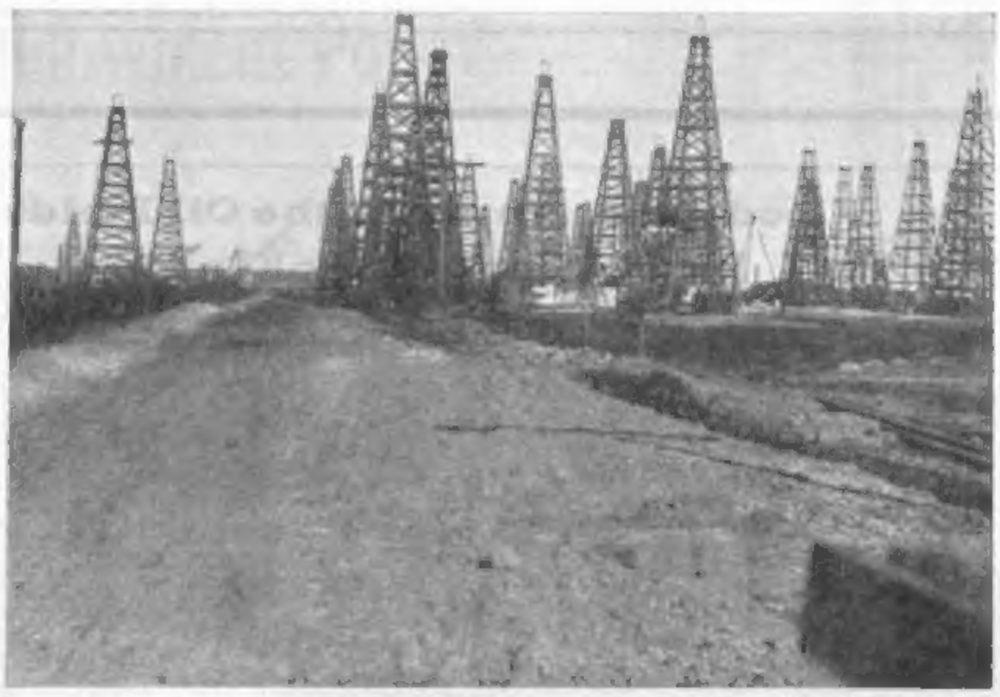
But somehow, nine years ago, people showed no inclination to move out to Gladys City. Higgins, however, firm in his faith, and having come into possession of some money, determined to sink an oil well at his own expense. He got it down six hundred feet, and then the money gave out and nothing but a stream of gas resulted. But he lit the gas, and for two years it flared, out there on the lonely prairie, a pillar of fire pointing to the promised oil land. Then somebody quenched it with mud and the dream of oil seemed over.

But in January of this year a Captain Lucas, prospecting, and supplied with money enough to go down the necessary thousand feet or more, struck oil after nearly two years of work (during which time he had scarcely attracted any attention in the neighborhood, except as a harmless crank), and there gushed forth a monster stream of oil.

As to just what Higgins himself is getting out of it all he is a trifle dubious. In the fierce clash of capitalists and speculators that quickly ensued he was not in his element. "Well, I have a suit for $4,000,000 anyway, and something besides," he told me; and there was a rueful note in his voice.

The Widow Sullivan, whose cruse was filled

A clump of close-packed gushers



The centre of the producing district

In the midst of the Iowa Colony

On Spindle Top Heights there were two men living at the time oil was discovered, and they, oddly enough, were the only two who owned property there except capitalists or the Gladys City company.

One of these two, Charles Ingalls, had gone out from Beaumont to run a truck farm and alternate work there with work in town. He cared nothing that Gladys City had been laid out on the other side of the hill, across the public road that runs along the height. He had no thought except of a quiet life. So he carpentered a little in town and spaded a little on his bare lot and milked his cow. When the first gusher stream uprose, and remained for days unchecked, the wind at times swept an oily shower over his dwelling and he was sorely angered. With much heat he declared that he must have damages: the oil was drenching his house, spoiling the paint, making his life miserable ——

But he was curtly interrupted. "What will you sell your whole place for?"

Now, Ingalls knew that oil makes fortunes, but of what an oil fortune consists he had but faint idea. The boom had not begun. Nor did he know that beneath his own property there was any oil. But he determined to place the figure high. "Two thousand dollars!" he said; and feared that he had overshot the mark.

Instead, his offer was instantly accepted and he went joyfully to tell his wife. But Mrs. Ingalls was dubious. She knew that this was a fortune to them, but she felt that the very readiness to pay it meant that more might have been secured. And when they came with deed for husband and wife to sign she refused to put down her name. They questioned her, and found that she must have something for herself. "How much?" And she demanded an additional two thousand dollars.

And the four thousand dollars was paid, and the couple moved triumphantly to town and took a little house. And both are content and philosophical; they realize that four thousand dollars is a vastly larger sum than they could ever have dreamt of receiving for their seven and three-quarter acres. And, far more important to both from the standpoint of domestic peace, neither can upbraid the other with lack of judgment. The fact that within a few weeks after the sale their plot was quoted at $800,000 does not seem to disturb them.

The other man who lived on that little slope of ground was a Canadian named Adams, who, with his wife, moved to Texas three years ago. This man gathered that the oil was worth huge sums, and he would not sell his ten acres for cash. He sold on the basis of receiving one-eighth of the oil to be taken from his property, and then he laid down his implements of labor and said that he would work no more.

Shortly afterward his land was transferred for one million and a quarter of dollars in cash. But none of the money went to him. He still held to his right to one-eighth of the oil. And as there have been some difficulties in the way of freely shipping oil, he is restless under a sense of having, thus far, received far less than he had expected. Still, if the oil lake do not run dry (if, indeed, it prove merely a lake) he will yet come into a great fortune.

The Tale of the Widow Sullivan

One of the tales that is richest in interest is that of the Widow Sullivan. Tall of form, straight of back, spare and angular of shape, the Widow Sullivan is known to all Beaumont by the little swill-cart which every day she drives into the town. (Yes, swill-cart: that is still her word for it, though she is now, from her own standpoint, a wealthy woman.)

She lives some two miles from Spindle Top, and from her little cottage, twined about with vines, she watched one gusher after another throw oil far into the air and saw derrick after derrick arise. But she felt only a mild interest in it all, reserving her real care for her children, her hogs, her cows, her dogs, her cats, her chickens, her little boy's goats. As the wild excitement grew, speculators spread over the country, securing leases and deeds.

"But I didn't want to talk with them." Her voice is strangely low, her hazel eyes regard you steadily. "I didn't want to give up my home. And I would just come into the house and lock the door."

As she talked to me she cut fat and threw it into a big boiling-kettle. "I'm rendering lard," she said. "And I still go to town for swill every day."

At length, through the advice of a resident of the town, who had done business for her at times, she agreed to sell. "Only I won't let them have my home," she said stubbornly.

She had amassed twenty-five acres. Land was cheap there; in fact, it had scarcely any value at all. And twenty of these acres she sold, and for them received $10,200.

"And then, they wanted me to move to town—but I cared more for my hawgs," says the bare-armed woman. "And I wouldn't leave my home, nohow!" That love for home! That is one of the oft-recurring phenomena.

On the widow's land the buyers never even sank a well; never put up a derrick. They became convinced, by the failure of wells all about, that it was dry land. And the widow said to me with a slow smile: "They offered to sell me the land back again for three hundred dollars, but I said, No, I didn't want it; I really had kept all I had use for." Friends talked to her, advising trips to New Orleans, to New York; but to all such suggestions she was deaf. "I wouldn't go that-a-way, sir; I was born in Texas and it's a good State."

And so, close alongside of her old, bowered cottage, she built a little bare house, almost a replica of the other, but without surrounding greenery. And she tells, with a touch of very real pride, that her mother, owning a little property down toward Port Arthur, resisted all appeals to sell, and still holds her little house and bit of land.

It is astonishing to find how many widows shared in the good fortune! It was long ago that oil first filled the widow's cruse. Another widow, living near Mrs. Sullivan (a Mrs. Bruissard), sold six acres out of her ten for $1500 an acre, and, almost overcome with tumultuous joy, hugged all her children, and then hurried to the bank and did not breathe till the money was safely deposited.

A Woman Who Sold Her Land Twice

There was another widow, not very far away, and this widow sold, it being in the early days and she not having awakened to the values, for $250. And when she learned what she had missed she was almost crazy from disappointment. She had sold for so pitifully little! And when another speculator came along, fevered and anxious, she sold to him for $2000! Womanlike, she wanted to get what she deemed her due—and then ensued complications when two rival companies essayed to take the ground.

In the immediate outskirts of Beaumont there were numerous poor people, living almost from hand to mouth; owning, indeed, little patches of their own, but deeming them of no value, and earning their living by digging and laboring for others, either in town or elsewhere. One of these, a negro, sold his patch for $1700. He could neither read nor write and could not believe the tremendous fact of his riches till the cash was actually in his hands. Dazed, he wandered back and forth, waving his money in the faces of people who were themselves too excited to notice him. "Glory! Glory!" That was all he could say. The blind wonder of it all was too great for understanding.

Then there was a little Italian colony of four or five families, whose members all sold early and at what were low prices compared with what most land-owners got, but which were dreams of riches to them. And in that colony there was feasting and rejoicing. The names of all the saints in the Italian calendar were devoutly iterated over and over again. The colony rioted in blues and reds and greens as to raiment, and two of the men, Pedro and Santuzzi, hastened back to Italy to spread the good news of the unspeakable wealth of Texas, where land that had cost but a few dollars could be sold for as much as four hundred! And those remaining hoe the fields patiently, with one eye on the ground and the other on Spindle Top, hoping for another windfall to come. For each has bought another little tract—wondering somewhat at the lowness of price, because of not understanding how "dusters" have pricked bubbles thereabouts.

What to do with the suddenly acquired money has been a sore puzzle to many. If they leased on shares, and received only two or three hundred dollars to bind the bargain, even such a sum was great to many of the most ignorant, and a large proportion promptly spent it, or lost it, or gambled it away. Some began their spending by indulging in the luxury of a stove, to their minds the height of aristocracy and comfort, so that they might cease the fireplace cooking to which their prairie cabin life had accustomed them. The stove trade took on, for a time, a decided activity. A great number, after some extravagances, fatuously speculated in oil lands with what money was left, and, losing that, went dumbly back to their work, rudely awakened. Some wisely put their money in the bank. Some moved away, eager to leave the great open country, so level and so dry; some built "rent houses" as the phraseology of the country has it.

Except the millionaire speculators, few attempted any fine showing with their homes. Even the new house that "Bud" Higgins built, where his aged mother sits proudly watching him, and nodding her head in affirmation of his foresight, is but a modest story-and-a-half structure.

The Rice Farmer and the Automobile

One rice farmer, who had sold his land, went to Beaumont with his entire family, determined upon giving them and himself the time of their lives. He went to a hotel and ordered everything he could think of. And then he inquired for an automobile. He was not certain about the name, but said it was "one of them things that drive without mewels."

The owner of the automobile laughed at him. "You'd smash it," he said.

But the farmer paid the man to teach him how to run it, and laid down a thousand dollars as security for its safe return. Then into the vehicle he crowded wife and family and down the main street of Beaumont the automobile whizzed. The farmer, in the excitement of the great dash, forgot much of what had been told him, and pulled the wrong levers as often as the right. With shouts and screams a way was cleared, and by some miracle the automobile whizzed safely through the town and far out upon one of the country roads. There the family were solemnly unloaded. A team of horses hauled the automobile back to the owner, and the satisfied farmer and his satisfied family went satisfied away.

The story of what is known as the "Iowa Colony" is an interesting one. A few years ago five families from Cedar Rapids decided to move to Texas, and one of their number, as advance agent, chose the country near Beaumont. Quiet, cultivated, intelligent people they were, and they built fine houses, greatly superior to farmhouses of the vicinity, and with Northern energy began to cultivate their farms. They tell of how they yearned for their native State; of how dreary the levels at first were to them; but they had laid their plow to the furrow and would not turn back. The "Iowa Colony" became famous. Nowhere else were there such garden beds, such wealth of vegetables.

Then, across the plain—that level, level plain—arose the spouting gushers and the derricks, and soon the fever hunt of speculators began. One would like to say that all of these Iowans were rewarded among the most favorably; but, in fact, they were not, for all but one signed leases under which they were to receive a share of the oil produced. Of course, good bonuses were paid to such people, but that was all. A single one of these Iowa lots, however, a ten-acre field, was sold outright for $20,000. And no oil has yet been produced there.

The oil field, in the immediate vicinity of Beaumont, is limited, and there are square miles upon square miles where not a successful well has been sunk, and where the land is dotted with "dusters."

The Boy with the X-Ray Eyes

Some miles from the town of Beaumont lives Daniel Lewis, a man of something over sixty. When a lad he began working for a Mr. McFadden, and when that employer died continued to work for the son. And in the course of years he rose to be the overseer of a great ranch and of rice fields. He married, secured a home of his own, and year by year added to his personal holdings till finally he owned some three hundred acres.

The oil boom came, and he found his property in demand. But he would not lease, and refused several offers to sell.

Then his employer came to him. "Dan, if you'll sell I'll give you ten thousand dollars for your land."

"But I must keep my own home," said Lewis.

(Again the tenacity of the feeling for home. It came to me, finally, that in that region, where dust lies thick in the road and on the plain, or blows in mighty clouds, or where mud lies deep and almost impassable, or where, in winter, the fierce northers sweep down over the levels, driving man and beast to shelter, a home becomes the personification of precious refuge.)

"You may keep a lot around your house and sell me the rest," said McFadden. And the deed was made and passed.

In a few days Dan met his employer. "I find that property of mine was more valuable than I thought. I let you know so you won't part with it yourself too cheap."

"What do you mean?"

"I have been offered a good deal more than ten thousand for it," said Dan.

"Is that so? Then I'll deed it back to you."

"No, no! I didn't mean that. I don't want it."

"But I mean it, Dan. You've worked faithfully for my father and for myself, and if you can make money I won't stand in your way."

"But I don't want you to do it! And I mean that it was a great deal more money, too. My land, they tell me, is a trifle higher than Spindle Top, though it doesn't look it. And they offer me—eighty—thousand—dollars!"

"That's all right." And the return deed was executed, and the land was straightway sold by Lewis, to two different companies, for the eighty thousand dollars. And Lewis retained his house and a few acres about it.

There is a queer aftermath. Right beside the home that Lewis would not sell a derrick is up and a drill is steadily working. The country close about is dry of oil (so far as known when this is written), and it costs at least eight thousand dollars to sink a well to the depth that is necessary here.

But a boy from Western Texas has been brought to the oil field—a boy with X-Ray eyes. It is said of him that he can locate, that he has located, in his native region, streams and wells of subterranean water, and he was brought to Beaumont to see if his wonderful eyes could not see oil as well. He claimed to find it; saw it, far below ground, close beside the house of Dan Lewis; and a company is boring on the faith of those eyes, and the experiment is being eagerly watched. That the spot is on one of those almost imperceptible humps, such as Spindle Top itself, gives additional confidence.

A mile from the house of Lewis is that of a widow (another widow!), Mrs. Lee Jones. She and her husband with their family (there are five children) came from another part of Texas four years ago. Their front windows looked out over a desolate plain, where naught could be seen save at times a scattered herd grazing, and, in the distance, two little houses, those of Ingalls and Adams.

Then arose the experimental derrick of Captain Lucas, and they watched with a touch of interest, for the looming framework further broke the deadly monotony of view. At length Jones fell sick, and for day after day he looked forth from his window at the plains and the scattered cattle and the derrick. It was when he was known to be dying that the first gusher heaved itself forth. Then the dying man clung to his wife's hand in speechless awe.

"We neither of us understood it; it was so wonderful, so strange," says Mrs. Jones, a sweet-faced little woman, with a pathetic light in her eyes. "Lee used to whisper to me about it—and then he died. They came to get this land, but it was quite a while before the law would let me have control for signing anything, and the excitement began to die away. But I got three thousand dollars. Lee would have died more peacefully had he known. And I kept my home. I wouldn't let that go. Now I am going to move into town, for I want to educate my children better than I could do out here. And there will always be this home to come back to."

And the little woman looked out at the field of derricks, and it was plain that her mind was again with her husband and with how the dying man had held her hand as he watched, with awe, the spouting gusher.

Some Who Hesitated and Some Who Lost

One man, named Campbell, owned a large farm on which he found it difficult to pay taxes that were in arrears, and a friend, just to oblige him, for Campbell had had ill luck and sickness, paid the taxes and took over the title. In two weeks oil was discovered and the property was sold for $85,000.

One Barnes sold forty acres, near town, at eight dollars an acre just one week before the first gusher was struck. He became almost crazy from disappointment, for he could have disposed of it for many thousands.

Another, who owned a considerable tract near Spindle Top, was absent in a town away from railroad or telegraphic communication. This an acquaintance knew, and when oil was struck he at once started to find him, and he offered him fifty dollars an acre for his thirty acres, admitting that he had special reasons of his own for paying such a large price. The owner jumped at the apparently munificent offer, but when he learned of what he had missed he hurried to Beaumont and tried in vain to have the sale declared void.

A compositor on a Beaumont newspaper owned a little "rent house" in town, and a few days before oil was struck a farmer offered to exchange a large tract of land for it. The compositor was getting good rent—six dollars a month—and could not afford to trade. The farmer obtained $15,000 for the land.

A local editor was offered $100,000 for ten acres, but refused, demanding $50,000 more. He still holds the land, and a generous valuation puts it at a dollar an acre.

During the height of the excitement, some months ago, before the "dusters" began to shatter the general speculative market, all was turmoil in the town, scarcely any slept more than three or four hours a night, engagements were never made except for oil deals, or, if made, were forgotten, and the appearance of gaudy suits, of glittering diamonds, of new carriages, passed unnoticed. One might, too, perform almost any eccentricity without attracting comment.

A young man, who had made five thousand dollars, found his head actually turned for a while. Knowing of the capitalists who daily flocked to town, he imagined that he, too, was attracting them. One day he secured ten rooms at a hotel, at ten dollars a day for each, for capitalists who, he said, were coming to meet him. He then engaged a firm of lawyers to devote all their time to him, and at once put them at drawing up articles of incorporation for companies with millions of capital. He sent off hundreds of dollars' worth of telegrams to financial magnates. He acted thus for several days and then, when all his money was spent, he somehow came to himself, and went back, dazed, to prosaic life.

A merchant of the town rushed into one of the hotels. "Lend me five thousand dollars!" he cried to the proprietor. He was a man of substance and the money was given him. In an hour he came back and handed the hotel man ten thousand. He had just closed a heavy deal.

Angered by a Five-Dollar Bill

For a time almost all deals were made in cash. Thousands were handled in the banks and on the streets as if they were single dollars. One man, counting a roll of hundreds and fifties and twenties, came to a five. He stared at it for a moment impatiently, then pulled it from the roll and tossed it to the sidewalk. "What are you doing here!" he cried.

Not all were anxious to retain their homes. There is a little cluster of four houses, barely a mile from Spindle Top, and not one of the families who lived there remains. One went back to Mississippi; one went to California; the others also disappeared; all were paid large sums for their places. And one of these homes, which the owner was ready to quit, was a little paradise, for the house was close embowered amid rosebushes, banana plants, magnolias, and a dozen varieties of flowering shrubs, showing what may be done out there on that dusty plain.

A bookkeeper, living in Chicago, was one of the fortunate holders of land. He bought a few acres adjoining the farm of a cousin, on that cousin's representation that Beaumont was sure to grow and make suburban property valuable. The oil excitement came, and the bookkeeper, with Chicago enterprise, sold for eight thousand dollars. The cousin hesitated and considered—the "dusters" came—and he holds his land.

A railroad master-mechanic who had his home in Beaumont, but who had been shifted by the railroad to another station, had been buying property upon which he could end his years in a rice-farm life. He was tired of being ordered away from his home to one place or another. The oil came; and he was offered $400,000 for his holdings. He refused it, however, and instead formed a stock company.

A man oddly fortunate on a large scale is a real-estate dealer who in the course of his business had acquired title to a number of parcels of land, all highly mortgaged and therefore of no real value. When the first gusher was struck he was in the North and received urgent telegrams in regard to selling his holdings. He did not reply, but quietly hurried back to Beaumont—only to find that several of the parcels were close to Spindle Top. He is now a millionaire.

Two or three local capitalists, through prompt and well-judged operations in the early days of the boom, have also become millionaires.

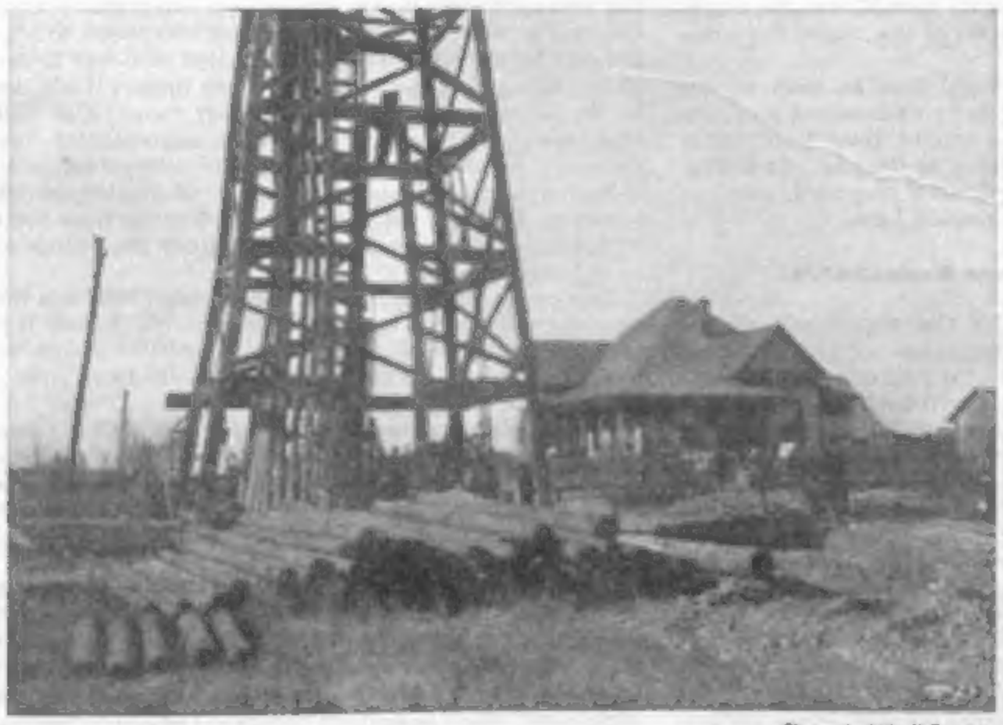
One of the picturesque figures is that of former Governor Hogg, who, the ruling spirit in a syndicate, gained a big tract on Spindle Top and then sold it out, mostly in little parcels, to a host of holders and at enormous prices. He, too, is one of the millionaires that the oil boom has made.

Beaumont is now a town of serious atmosphere. Of spontaneous gayety there is little. The hot excitement of a few months ago has gone, but there is still strained anxiety and an eagerness about money. The town is building rapidly, for the actual presence of oil promises prosperity even though many individuals and companies may lose.

Song is always an indication and evidence of great civic excitement, and a sort of rhythmic monotone is chanted very slowly by those whose feelings call for vocal expression:

"Oil, oil, oil,
I wish I had a well;
Oil, oil, oil,
Oh, then I'd want to sell!
Oil, oil, oil—
I'll tell you what I'd do—
I wish I had an oil well,
Or two—two—two!"

Editor's Note—A second article, telling the hard-luck stories of the oil strike, will appear in a fortnight.



The mall of the X-Ray boy

Where the dying man watched the gusher

The Case Against the Chinaman

By James D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco

Mayor Phelan at his desk in the City Hall

THE expiration, on May 5 next, of the Geary Exclusion Law has again brought before the country the consideration of the Chinese question. That law and the treaty with China embodying its provisions, dated May 8, 1894, exclude Chinese laborers and admit merchants, students and travelers.

The reason why Congress limited the duration of the Exclusion Law was, no doubt, to observe the condition of the people affected and to be guided thereby in its future action. Taking advantage of this, the Chinese Minister at Washington, Mr. Wu Ting-fang, and the Chinese Consul-General at San Francisco, Mr. Ho Yow, have inaugurated an extra-diplomatic movement whose object is to influence public opinion and the deliberations of Congress against the reenactment of the expiring law.

Seeing, therefore, the necessity of taking immediate action, the municipal authorities of San Francisco called a convention for November 21 last, which met in San Francisco to express the sentiments of the State. Three thousand delegates from county boards, municipal bodies, labor unions and commercial and civic associations assembled, and after two days' discussion, without a dissenting voice, memorialized the President and the Congress of the United States asking them to reënact the Geary Exclusion Law and to continue the present treaty with China.

The Menace of Coolie Invasions

It may be recalled that in 1868 the Burlingame treaty was negotiated, and under its protection 75,000 Chinese coolies had, before the year 1880, found their way to California under contracts for work. The State was ablaze with indignation when it realized that the white population had been thus driven out of employment, and that men, women and children were marching the streets of the cities, hungry for bread. Kearnyism, which stood simply for vigorous opposition to Chinese coolieism, swept the State, carried the new constitution and elected the Mayor of San Francisco.

In 1882 Congress passed the first Exclusion Law, which was reënacted in 1892, and is now again before Congress. The effects of exclusion have been satisfactory and beneficent. According to the census of 1900 the 75,000 Chinese population of California in 1880 has been reduced to 45,500. Industrial conditions have greatly improved and a desirable Caucasian population has flowed naturally into the State.

The people, of course, want a continuation of a policy that has brought them prosperity and population. They object to the Chinese on the ground that they are a non-assimilative race, and claim that the experiences of the last thirty-five years have demonstrated it. For twenty years, or ever since the passage of the first Exclusion Act, the Chinese have not been disturbed. They have taken employment freely in every branch of industry, and yet they are the same sullen, non-assimilative people that they were at that time and have maintained their racial peculiarities intact. In fact, Ho Yow admits in a recent article that they work more cheaply than the white man; they live more cheaply; they send their money to China; most of them have no intention of remaining in the United States. They do not adopt American manners, but live in colonies and not after the American fashion. He might have said that they are governed by their own laws; that they have tribunals of their own; that in most cases they are not free agents, but exist and find employment under the patronage, if not the ownership, of the Six Chinese Companies; that they are slaves to the opium habit; that the vast majority of them are single men who sleep on shelves in crowded cellars or rooms, subsisting principally on rice; that as members of Tongs they wage war upon one another after the manner of the Corsican vendetta; that Highbinders, professional blackmailers and assassins are paid for protection and to execute revenge; that the Chinese breed disease, and that the unsanitary condition of their quarters is a constant menace to the public health.

The Impossibility of Americanizing the Mongol

The San Francisco Board of Health says, in a recent report, that there is no remedy for the evils of Chinatown apart from its utter demolition. Its vices, its gambling, its female slavery and its opium joints make a police problem most difficult of solution. Fines amounting to upward of $3000 a month are collected from Chinese; the jails and prisons are full of them, and still the conditions remain which give contributing force to the conclusions of the Board of Health.

The Chinese do not bring their wives in their immigration because they intend, when a competency is earned, to return to their native land. Until this year no statute had been passed by the California Legislature forbidding the intermarriage of whites and Chinese, and yet very few such marriages have ever taken place. The issue of them develop the virtues of neither race, but exhibit the vices of both.

The Chinese cannot, therefore, be moulded, as are other nationalities, into the American stock, the composite of many assimilative peoples. The Chinese have been and are a permanently foreign element, and, like every foreign substance in the body or the body politic, yield no nourishment, derange the system, produce disease, and unless encysted, as in the case of the San Francisco Chinatown, will ultimately imperil the life.

We are therefore presented with a simple question, whether we shall admit the Chinese coolies in unlimited numbers, first to overwhelm California, the most exposed and accessible State, and then to inundate the rest of the country. The Chinese work incessantly. They possess a certain imitative ability which enables them to enter all skilled employment. They take no holidays, their hours for labor are unlimited, and they are willing to work for the lowest wages. The consequences of their immigration are therefore inevitable—they will drive the American laborer and artisan out of employment, displace the sons and daughters of the pioneer, and, by their presence, arrest the settlement of the country by a desirable population.

There is nothing new or local in the policy of Exclusion. The Federal immigration laws to-day exclude the contract and the pauper labor of Europe, and the coolies coming from the best of the Chinese lands, the Canton Province, whence most immigration so far has come, are both contract and pauper labor.

The Perils of Cheap Coolie Labor

"Cheap labor" is the only defense made for the Chinaman. It is urged that cheap labor is a good thing for a country and that it contributes largely to the production of wealth. But America is not solely concerned in the production of wealth. It has other interests and duties. Its per capita productive energy to-day is, however, greater than any other country—due to the invention and improvement of machinery, which has been made for the most part by its own intelligent workingmen. Progressively will the productive capacity of the people increase. At the rate of twelve per cent. per decade of growth, this country, one hundred years hence, will have a population of two hundred and thirty millions. Production and population will advance together, and the home market, to which Chinese labor does not contribute, will be preserved.

Do we therefore need to stimulate our production by letting down the bars to the immigration of non-consuming and non-assimilative coolies? Is it not, after all, a question of holding this continent for development by Caucasians, who have so far succeeded so well? Regarded solely as a laboring class, as you would look upon the slaves of the South prior to the war, the Chinese are, no doubt, entitled to consideration; but can we, in consonance with our institutions, segregate a labor class and regard it simply by its capacity for work? If so, the Chinese meet nearly every requirement. They work for low wages, and they are not concerned about their political, religious or social condition.

But America has dignified labor, has invested its people with political rights and civic duties. In fact, the Government is controlled by majorities, and the majority of the people of this country, were Chinese immigration unlimited, would be directly and most harmfully affected. The effect would be disastrous. It would be putting an army of single men, inured to ceaseless and unremitting toil, content with the longest hours and the lowest wages and the most meagre food, without wives, appetites or aspirations, in competition with the American citizen, who has been bred by our civilization to family life and civic duties. The result would be either he would come down to the Chinese standard or be destroyed; or, again, after long suffering, during which our form of Government, dependent upon an intelligent and prosperous suffrage, would be shaken to its foundations, he would rise up and, perhaps outside the forms of law, resist the invasion.

I am, however, absolutely convinced that as soon as the question is understood, if it be not fully understood now, the majority of our countrymen, who would thus be directly affected, will give, as they have given in the past, their support to the peaceful and wise remedy now proposed, namely, the reenactment of the Chinese Exclusion Law.

Why Yellow Citizens are Undesirable

This country has been warned by the experience of the South and knows the bitterness of racial animosity. Suffrage is a privilege conferred by the several States upon citizens where it is believed that its exercise will be for the benefit of the State. The Chinese, having no appreciation of the blessings of liberty and not being attached to our institutions, socially and physically non-assimilative, mere contract laborers, subject to the orders of their masters, could not be safely intrusted with the right to vote. And yet, Ho Yow intimates blandly that they not only should be admitted freely, but should be admitted to all the privileges of citizenship. There are four hundred millions of human beings in China. They are attached to their land by a superstitious bond, and, when they are dead, their bones must repose in its sacred soil. It is the Celestial Kingdom. They make incursions into other lands; spoil-seekers, but never permanent residents.

In Hawaii to-day there are 25,000 Chinese. They receive good wages according to their standard. At home they are paid no more than two dollars a month for farm work, and there they are paid thirty dollars, but they cannot be induced to remain after they have accumulated $1000, which they consider a fair competency.

So, far from seeking an asylum, offering allegiance and understanding our institutions, necessary prerequisites to citizenship, they are not even bona-fide settlers; they are automatons wound up for work. They make no contribution to the country's enduring interests. In the contemplation of the Constitution they are mere machines. This is a republic of men. They come along after the country has been discovered, wrested from despotism, made free, opened up, settled by the pioneer and occupied by his posterity, to participate in the prosperity which liberty, invention and industry have developed and civilization has crowned.

The only thing they can offer in exchange is their labor; but the labor is already provided by those of our own household. Chinamen can make no contribution to citizenship, and, if their services are accepted, those who are capable of doing the work, supporting our schools, churches and institutions, recruiting our free population and fighting our battles, are crowded out. We abandon our fields and our factories to a servile class.

The Mongolian Immigrant a Social Parasite

The question before the country to-day is not so much the increase of more wealth as the equitable distribution of the great wealth we produce. The reorganization of labor and capital must be on lines of greater sympathy and better understanding, and the introduction of the Chinese, a race so alien to our own, would permanently prevent the improvement of the relations between the employer and the employee. Industrial monopoly, taking a short-sighted view, might be able, in the presence of a vast Chinese population, to coerce labor and reduce the standard of wages, hours and living. In fact, the tendency of unenlightened selfishness would be to give preference in employment to the Chinese themselves. Land monopoly, which destroyed Rome, when slaves tilled the soil and drove the farmer to the capital, would find an easy means of repeating history under conditions which the presence of the Chinese would create.

The brotherhood of man is a doctrine which deters many a well-meaning American from taking advanced grounds against the exclusion of undesirable peoples; but the East has shut out the pauper and contract labor of Europe, and the West demands only the same treatment of the aliens who are pressing for admission at her gates. The brotherhood of man can be best served by the Chinese realizing that they have a great industrial destiny in their own country, and that there, under the stimulus of American ideas, energy and invention, they can improve their own conditions. Then, merchants, travelers and students may come here as before and carry back the benefits of our improvements and experiments; and, when they have more merchants and more travelers and more educated men, our gates shall be opened to them as guests, but not as parasites. The Chinese coolies, by every test, are parasitical. They live off the body on which they alight, because their wages, instead of being reinvested, are taken out of the country. They are neither a necessary nor desirable part of our American system. The policy of protection, which guards us against the trade, logically should also guard us against the man.

The Old Solution of the Problem the Best

There have been timid protests against exclusion on the ground that our commerce with China and the friendly relation produced by our island possessions, and our participation in Oriental affairs, should be encouraged. Granted. But since 1880 exclusion has had no deterrent effect upon our Chinese commerce. Indeed, it has increased fifty per cent. during that period. We stand second to Great Britain alone in the volume of our export and our import trade, according to the Consular Reports of August, 1901. Our diplomatic relations with China have never been more cordial. By treaty, she acquiesced in our domestic policy of exclusion.

So, as a race, labor, trade and political question, there seems to be no good reason for departing from the solution which we have already found, or from the policy which we have based upon it.

Europe, in the last two thousand years, has been frequently exposed to invasion by Asiatic hordes, which, had it not been resisted by force of arms, the civilization which we enjoy to-day and of which we are a part would have gone down in barbarism.

A peaceable and insidious invasion from China would constantly reduce the standards which have been established by American civilization, and what force could not accomplish in past centuries might ultimately be accomplished on this free continent under the fostering influences of mistaken and foolishly generous laws.

The duty before this country is the betterment of man. It is by the improvement of political conditions and not by their debasement through the infiltration of inferior races that we shall succeed. Let us accept the settled law of the country with respect to Chinese Exclusion and turn our minds to higher and more important things. Let our influence radiate over the world, and for that purpose, if brotherhood be one of our objects, let us keep the patriotic fires burning and not suffer them to be dimmed.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

From John Graham, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, to his son Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago

— inventoried about $10,000 as she stood — allowing that her diamonds would scratch glass

HOT SPRINGS, January 30, 189–.

Dear Pierrepont:

I knew right off that I had made a mistake when I opened the inclosed and saw that it was a bill for "fifty-two dollars for roses sent, as per orders, to Miss Mabel Dashkam." I don't just place Miss Dashkam, but if she's the daughter of old Job Dashkam, on the open Board, I should say, on general principles, that she was a fine girl to let some other fellow marry. The last time I saw her she inventoried about $10,000 as she stood—allowing that her diamonds would scratch glass—and that's more capital than any woman has a right to tie up on her back, I don't care how rich her father is. And Job's fortune is one of that brand which foots up to a million in the newspapers and leaves the heirs in debt to the lawyers who settle the estate.

Of course I've never had any real experience in this sparking business, except with your Ma; but I've watched from the other side of the fence while a heap of fellows were getting it; and I should say that marrying a woman like Mabel Dashkam would be the first step toward becoming a grass widower. I'll bet if you'll tell her you're making twelve a week and ain't going to get any more till you earn it, you'll find that you can't push within a mile of her even on a Soo ice-breaker. She's one of those women with a heart like a stock-ticker—it doesn't beat over anything except money.

Of course you're in no position yet to think of being engaged even, and that's why I'm a little afraid that you may be planning to get married. But a twelve-dollar clerk who owes fifty-two dollars for roses needs a keeper more than a wife. I want to say right here that there always comes a time to the fellow who blows fifty-two dollars at a lick on roses when he thinks how many staple groceries he could have bought with the money. After all, there's no fool like a young fool, because in the nature of things he's got a long time to live.

I suppose I am fanning the air when I ask you to be guided by my judgment in this matter, because, while a young fellow will consult his father about buying a horse, he's cock-sure of himself when it comes to picking a wife. Marriages may be made in Heaven, but most engagements are made in the back parlor with the gas so low that a fellow doesn't really get a square look at what he's taking. While a man doesn't see much of a girl's family when he's courting, he's apt to see a good deal of it when he's housekeeping; and while he doesn't marry his wife's father, there's nothing in the marriage vow to prevent the old man from borrowing money of him, and you can bet if he's old Job Dashkam he'll do it. A man can't pick his own mother, but he can pick his son's mother, and when he chooses a father-in-law who plays the bucket shops he needn't be surprised if his own son plays the races.

Never marry a poor girl who's been raised like a rich one. She's simply traded the virtues of the poor for the vices of the rich without going long on their good points. To marry for money or to marry without money is a crime. There's no real objection to marrying a woman with a fortune, but there is to marrying a fortune with a woman. Money makes the mare go, and it makes her cut up, too, unless she's used to it and you drive her with a snaffle-bit.

While you are at it, there's nothing like picking out a good-looking wife, because even the handsomest woman looks homely sometimes, and so you get a little variety; but a homely one can only look worse than usual. Beauty is only skin deep, but that's deep enough to satisfy any reasonable man. (I want to say right here that to get any sense out of a proverb I usually find that I have to turn it wrong side out.) Then, too, if a fellow's bound to marry a fool, and a lot of men have to if they're going to hitch up into a well-matched team, there's nothing like picking a good-looking one.

I simply mention these things in a general way, because it seems to me from the gait at which you're starting off that you'll likely find yourself roped and branded any day, without quite knowing how it happened, and I want you to understand that the girl who marries you for my money is getting a package of green goods in more ways than one. I think, though, if you really understood what marrying on twelve a week meant, you would have bought a bedroom set instead of roses with that fifty-two you owe.

Speaking of marrying the old man's money by proxy naturally takes me back to my old town in Indiana and the case of Chauncey Witherspoon Hoskins. Chauncey's father was the whole village, barring the railroad station and the saloon, and, of course, Chauncey thought that he was something of a pup himself. So he was, but not just the kind that Chauncey thought he was. He stood about five foot three in his pumps, had a nice pinky complexion, pretty wavy hair, and a curly mustache. All he needed was a pink ribbon around his neck to make you call, "Here, Fido," when he came into the room.

Still I believe he must have been pretty popular with the ladies, because I can't think of him to this day without wanting to punch his head. At the church sociables he used to hop around among them chipping and chirping like a dicky-bird picking up seed; and he was a great hand to play the piano, and sing saddish, sweetish songs to them. He always said the smooth thing and said it easy. Never had to choke and swallow to fetch it up. Never stepped through his partner's dress when he began to dance, or got flustered when he brought her refreshments and poured the coffee in her lap to cool instead of in the saucer. We boys who couldn't walk across the floor without feeling that our pants had hiked up till they showed our feet to the knees, and that we were carrying a couple of canvased hams where our hands ought to be, didn't like him; but the girls did. You can trust a woman's taste on everything except men; and it's mighty lucky that she slips up there or we'd pretty nigh all be bachelors. I might add that you can't trust a man's taste on women, either, and that's pretty lucky, too, because there are a good many old maids in the world as it is.

One time or another Chauncey lolled on the sofa of the best room of every house in our town, and we used to wonder how he managed to browse up and down the streets that way without getting into the pound. I never found out till after I married your Ma, and she told me Chauncey's heart secrets. It really wasn't violating any confidence, because he'd told them to every girl in town.

Seems he used to get terribly sad as soon as he was left alone with a girl and hint about a tragedy in his past—something that had blighted his whole life and left him without the power to love again—and lots more slop from the same pail.

Of course every girl in that town had known Chauncey since he wore short pants, and ought to have known that the nearest to a tragedy he had ever been was when he sat in the top gallery in a Chicago theatre and saw a lot of barnstormers play Othello. But some people, and especially very young people, don't think anything's worth believing unless it's hard to believe.

Chauncey worked along these lines until he was twenty-four and then he made a mistake. Most of the girls that he had grown up with had married off, and while he was waiting for a new lot to come along he began to shine up to the widow Sharpless, a powerful, well-preserved woman of forty or thereabouts, who had been born with her eye-teeth cut. He found her uncommon sympathetic. When Chauncey finally came out of his trance he was the stepfather of the widow's four children.

She was very kind to Chauncey, and treated him like one of her own sons; but she was very, very firm. There was no gallivanting off alone, and when they went out in double harness strangers used to annoy him considerable by patting him on the head and saying to his wife: "What a bright-looking chap your son is, Mrs. Hoskins!"

— never had any real experience in this sparking business, except with your Ma

She was almost seventy when Chauncey buried her a while back, and they say that he began to take notice again on the way home from the funeral. Anyway, he crowded his mourning into sixty days—and I reckon there was plenty of room in them to hold all his grief without stretching—and his courting into another sixty. And four months after date he presented his matrimonial papers for acceptance. Said he was tired of this mother-and-son foolishness, and wasn't going to leave any room for doubt this time. Didn't propose to have people sizing his wife up for one of his ancestors any more. So he married Lulu Littlebrown, who was just turned eighteen. Chauncey was over fifty then, and wizened up like a late pippin that has been out overnight in an early frost.

He took Lu to Chicago for the honeymoon and Mose Greenebaun, who happened to be going up to town for his fall goods, got into the parlor car with them. By and by the porter came around and stopped beside Chauncey.

"Wouldn't your daughter like a pillow under her head?" says he.

Chauncey just groaned. Then—"Git; you Senegambian son of darkness!" And the porter just naturally got.

Mose had been taking it all in, and now he went back to the smoking-room and passed the word along to the drummers there. Every little while one of them would lounge up the aisle to Chauncey and ask if he couldn't lend his daughter a magazine, or give her an orange, or bring her a drink. And the language that he gave back in return for these courtesies wasn't at all fitting in a bridegroom. Then Mose had another happy thought, and dropped off at a way station and wired the clerk at the Palmer House.

When they got to the hotel the clerk was on the lookout for them, and Chauncey hadn't more than signed his name before he reached out over his diamond and said: "Ah, Mr. Hoskins; would you like to have your daughter near you?"

I simply mention Chauncey in passing as an example of the foolishness of thinking you can take any chances with a woman who has really decided that she wants to marry, or that you can average up matrimonial mistakes. And I want you to remember that marrying the wrong girl is the one mistake that you've got to live with all your life. I think, though, that if you tell Mabel what your assets are, she'll decide she won't be your particular mistake.

Your affectionate father, JOHN GRAHAM.

"fifty-two dollars for roses sent, as per orders, to Miss Mabel Dashkam"

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

Copyright, 1901, by The Curtis Publishing Company

By Hamlin Garland

Copyright in Great Britain

Author of The Eagle's Heart

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALLMENT—Captain George Curtis, U. S. A., has been detailed as Indian Agent on the Tetong Reservation, to take the place of Agent Sennett, who has been mistreating and cheating the Indians. Jennie, the sister of the Captain, accompanies him. Curtis finds that the Indians are in a state of unrest and that the cattlemen of the State are determined to have them forced off the Reservation. Elsie Brisbane, an artist, and the daughter of United States Senator Brisbane, is at the Agency to make pictures of the Indians, and Osborne Lawson, an author from the East, is also there. Miss Brisbane fiercely takes the side of the deposed agent against Curtis.

Streeter is a cattleman who owns a ranch within the Reservation boundaries, and his son Calvin, a typical cowboy, is deeply impressed by the charms of Jennie.

FOURTH CHAPTER

CURTIS studied the face and character of Elsie Brisbane with completer absorption than he cared to acknowledge even to himself. It was plain that her birth and her training set her squarely in opposition to all he hoped to do for the Tetongs, and yet even now, thus early in their acquaintance, he could not think of her enmity without a little pang of imagined loss. He determined to demonstrate to her both the justice and the humanity of his position.

He knew Brisbane's public utterances very well, and had once traveled for two days in the same party with him, and thus was able to study him at arm's length. He remembered him as a boastful but powerful man, whose interests were varied and kept well within his own hands. Entering the Territory at a time when its wealth was undeveloped and free to the taker, he had leagued himself with men who were less vigorous than himself, and also less scrupulous, and with their aid he had set to work to grasp and to hold the two great natural resources of the Territory, gold and grazing lands.

It mattered nothing to him and his kind that a race of men already lived upon this land and were prepared to die in defense of it. By adroit juggling he and his like pushed the settler forward to receive the first shock of the battle, and when the red man rose called upon the Government with lusty vigor to send its troops "in support of the pioneers." In this way, without danger to himself, the shrewd old Yankee acquired mines, cattle-ranges, railway rights and many other good things, and at last, when the Territory was admitted to the Union, became Senator.

He had lived in Washington in great splendor ever since, for during his term of office he had discovered that the best place for him to do pioneer work was in Congress, and in the White House, where his influence was strong and far-reaching. He was outspoken on the Indian question. To him the red people were pestilential because they paid no railway charges, and also because they held the land away from those who would add to the value of his land-grants and to the sum total of his tariff receipts. His original plan was grandly simple—"Sweep them from the earth"—but this policy had been modified by men with hearts and a sense of justice, and had settled into a process of removal of the various tribes from point to point, from tillable land to grazing land, from grazing land to barren land, and from barren land to desert. Brisbane had no doubts in these matters. It was good business, and to say a thing was *not* good business was to his mind damnatory for all time.

In her home-life, therefore, Elsie had been well schooled in race hatred. Tender-hearted where a kitten or a dog or even a wolf was concerned, she remained indifferent when a tribe was reported to be starving. Nothing modified her view till she went to Paris and came into contact with artists who placed curiously high value on the red man as "material." Thereupon she opened her eyes, for she was eager for notice, avid for the fame that comes quickly and with trumpet and banners. In conversation with Osborne Lawson, one day, she learned that he was about to do some pen portraits of noted Tetong chieftains, and at once sprang to her opportunity as his illustrator. And here now she was, painting with rigor and immense satisfaction the picturesque rags and tinsel of the Tetongs. To her they were beggars and tramps on a more grandiose scale than the lazzaroni of Rome or Naples. That they were anything more than profitable models had not been borne in on her mind.

She had no special regard for her uncle, the Agent—in fact, she covertly despised him for his lack of power—but now that the issue was drawn she ranged herself on the side of those who would destroy the small peoples of the earth. She wrote to her father a passionate description of what had taken place.

"Can't you stop this?" she asked. "No doubt Uncle Henry will go direct to Washington and make complaint. This Captain Curtis is insufferable. I would leave here instantly only I have promised to do some work for Osborne. We must go soon as winter is coming on, but I would like to see this 'soldier,' as he pridefully calls himself, humbled. He treats me as if I were a schoolgirl—' declines to argue the matter '—Oh, he is provoking. His sister is nice, but she sides with him, of course—and so does Osborne, in a sense, so you see I am all alone."

She met Curtis' attempts at explanation with scornful silence, and took great credit to herself that she did not fly at his head when he referred to his work. Her scornful avoidance of him became so painful that at the end of the fourth day he said to his sister: "Jennie, I think I won't come to the artistic mess any more. Miss Brisbane's hostility shows no signs of relenting and it is becoming decidedly unpleasant."

"George!" said Jennie sternly. "Don't you let that snip of a girl drive you away. Why, the thing is ridiculous! They are all here on sufferance—your sufferance. You could order them off the Reservation at once."

"I know I could, but I won't——" he smiled. "You know what I mean—I can't even let Miss Brisbane know that she makes me uncomfortable. Well, our goods are at Pifion and I sent a couple of Indian teamsters over to get them to-day. By Thursday we'll be 'at home!' But maybe you are right—it would excite comment if I left abruptly—I will remain until we are ready to light our own kitchen fire."

As a consequence of this feeling Curtis saw very little of Elsie except at the dining-table. By borrowing a few necessaries of his head farmer he was able to camp down in "the parsonage," as Jennie called the Agent's house. He was very busy—too busy to give much thought to a sullen girl; being an officer on duty with no relief, a hundred things demanded his attention daily. The issues had to be overhauled. He had angry beef-contractors and complaining ranchers to meet. He was both judge and jury on long-standing matters of dispute among the Tetongs themselves. He was forced to reorganize the police force and to get rid of the men whom Sennett had petted in order to blunt their sense of right and wrong.

He was too tired to think of some things, but when his work was over and he sat down in his chair, pipe in hand, the face of Elsie Brisbane troubled him. He had entered the second impressionable age of man. Thirty-three is as dangerous in its way as twenty. His life had not taken him much among women upon whom he might cast the matrimonial net. His duties as an officer, and his researches as a forester and map-builder, had conspired to keep him a bachelor. Once or twice before he had been vastly disturbed by a fair face at some Post, only to have it whisked away again into the mysterious world of happy girlhood from whence it came. He was obliged to confess that he was as far from marriage as ever—further as a matter of fact, for customarily an Indian Reservation offers but slender opportunity in the way of courtship for a man of Captain Curtis' refinement.

Lawson often came over of an evening to talk, and Jennie observed that when he spoke of Elsie her brother listened with alarming courtesy.

"Elsie has great talent," Lawson said one evening, "but she's a willful baggage. I can't get her to do the black and white studies she engaged to do. She is mad to paint—for the time being."

"She finds the despised red man good material, then?" said Curtis.

"Yes, just as she admires a ragged negro or a rotting rail-fence. Elsie's is a fine nature in many ways, but her faith in Andrew J. Brisbane and his dominion is beyond all attack."

Curtis followed quickly the mention of Brisbane. "That reminds me—my expected clash with Streeter came to-day."

Jennie turned quickly. "Did it? What happened? Tell us about it!"

"It was amusing in the outcome, but for a time Streeter was like a polar bear for wrath. His consignment of cattle to fill his contract turned out to be a most villainous lot of cows, lean steers and underweights. Some of them were Texas long-horns, so antlered they couldn't go through the chute. Naturally I turned them back on him and he was furious. He blustered and fumed, and finally tried to bribe me—then I ordered him from the office."

"What happened then?"

"He threatened to shoot, but Calvin interfered. 'Old man,' he said, 'you get out o' here. You're too old to get on your ear. I'll settle this business.' After Streeter went out Calvin explained. 'I warned the old man you wouldn't take that bunch o' steers—but he was plum set on makin' a try at it. Now, you never mind; the bunch I bring in will meet the contract more'n half-way;' and off he went. He's to come in to-morrow with his cattle. There's the making of a man in that boy."

"Good for young Calvin! He could do a good deal of harm to you if he tried. I'm glad he's on your side. He can be of use in case this threatened war with the cattlemen develops. I hope it will blow over."

Lawson, in indorsing Curtis, wrote to the Department:

> The position of Indian Agent demands high qualities in the man who fills it. He must be patient, judicial, kindly, abstemious in all ways, clean of mouth and dignified in manner—a pattern and an inspiration to both his wards and his employees. He must be a good business man, also quick in detecting fraud and fearless in exposing it. He should know how to farm—and be capable of criticising, at least, jobs of painting or plow-sharpening. In short, he is a despot and a schoolmaster, a model citizen and a judge, a father to a tribe, a counselor to both white and red men—and all for less than two thousand dollars per annum! Naturally we cannot expect a man of this quality to serve unless he has a slant toward the work.

Curtis' Reservation was divided into three districts. Each district had a sub-agency and a school. These schools employed fifteen teachers, and to visit them all meant a journey of one hundred and seventy miles of horseback-riding or three hundred with a carriage. Three rivers ran through

Editor's Note—The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14.

the Reservation, and on all these the white men held the choice bottoms. They controlled, in fact, all the irrigable land for the reason that the streams were exhausted before they passed below their own fields. The cattle of these ranches were entitled to range on the grass owned by the Tetongs, but no one knew how many others were driven in from the outside to figure as "the herds of the original settlers." The reds were confined, therefore, either to the hills or to the lower levels where the grazing was thin and the water poor and scarce. It will thus be seen that the task to which Curtis had set his hand was difficult if not dangerous.

If every department were in good running order the duties of the Reservation demanded all the time of a valiant and capable man; with the schools demoralized, the warehouses in disorder, the issues in arrears, and the buildings, fences and tools going to decay, more was demanded of Captain Curtis than he could find hours to give to considering what was most needful to do. In the face of the feeling that the Government had chosen to demand of him the performance of duties which would cost in the ordinary business world ten thousand dollars a year—it was a little trying to listen to the scornful side-remarks of a girl of Elsie's character.

Had she been plain and middle-aged Curtis would have listened with very considerably augmented impatience; but his critic was a glory to look at no matter what she said, and he was able to smile at her bitter innuendos—though they made him sad and angry—after he had left her and was alone with the stinging poison of her hatred.

Her modes of attack were indirect and seldom gave him opportunity of replying without being rude. She seemed not to consider how her words hurt him, and she gave him no chance to reply.

Mrs. Wilcox took occasion once to remonstrate. "Elsie, you were downright rude to Captain Curtis to-day. I think it outrageous in you."

"Now, Aunt, don't you try to convert me to a belief in that tin soldier. He gets on my nerves with his pose of doing his duty."

"It would serve you right if he ordered us all off the Reservation. Your remarks to-day before that Mr. Streeter were very wrong and very injudicious. Captain Curtis is trying to keep the peace here, and you are doing a great deal of harm by your hints of getting him removed. I think he heard you."

"I don't care. I intend to have him removed. I have taken a dislike to him—he is a prig and a hypocrite, and has no business to come in here in this way setting his dirty Indians up against the settlers——"

"That's just what he is trying not to do—and if you weren't so obstinate you'd see it," replied Mrs. Wilcox with spirit.

"Aunt, don't you talk to me like that," cried the imperious girl; "I will not allow it! And I shall stay here as long as I please."

In truth Mrs. Wilcox's well-meant efforts at peace-making worked an opposite effect. Elsie became grossly rude to Curtis, and her short replies at last led him to ignore her in passing, and to bow in silence as he met her on the path.

Lawson saw all this, and said one day to Curtis: "You mustn't place too much importance on Elsie's opposition, Curtis. She is a spoiled child in some ways. Opposition drives her into the most ridiculous positions at times. A curious thing about her is that she is worst when only half-hearted in her fighting. She has no real basis for her opposition to you and your plans, but having started in on a campaign of insult she is disposed to brazen her way through. When her whole heart is in a fight she is gracious and adroit to wiliness. She has a dozen ways of attack."

"I shouldn't admire to see her more effective in battle," said Curtis with a smile. "She surely finds the weak places in my armor."

FIFTH CHAPTER

"OUR artists are going to flit," remarked Jennie one evening early in November as they were sitting at dinner. Curtis looked up quickly. "Are they?"

"Yes; Miss Brisbane is going back to Washington and Mr. Lawson will follow, no doubt."

He resumed his eating with unmoved countenance, and when he spoke his eyes were steady and his tone careless. "Well, they are wise; we are likely to have a norther any day now."

He went about his duties for a day or two after Jennie's announcement with absent-minded ineffectiveness. Twice he caught himself sitting with his pen in his hand making aimless markings on his blotting-pad, and once the clerk waited full five minutes for an answer, while he debated with himself whether to call upon Miss Brisbane at the studio or at the house. He had a well-defined notion that he ought to make some apology before she left the Agency. His half-concealed intent was to win so much of tolerance that her going would not be eternal good-by—he wished to have the privilege of seeing her should he chance to go to Washington during the winter.

Whenever he thought of her going away in their present stern relation his heart contracted painfully. "I have been too harsh with her," he admitted to himself. "My wards *are* repugnant to one so dainty and super-refined. She's wrong, of course, but there are excuses, and like all cranks I've been too self-absorbed."

The uncertainty ended in his appearing at the door of the studio one day. "Good morning, Miss Brisbane; may I come in and see what you are doing?"

His cheery, confident voice disarmed her and she answered: "Certainly, Captain Curtis. If my work will interest you—you'll excuse my going on. I want to finish this portrait of little Peta to-day."

Curtis said something that made the little sitter laugh.

Elsie cried: "Oh! how pretty she looks when she smiles! I wish I could make them look that way. They're all so stupid-looking the moment they sit for me."

"Perhaps you don't go at them right." He took a seat to the front and a little to the right of her, and sat in silence for a few moments enjoying her beauty. Her brown hair, piled loosely on her head, brought out the exquisite dusky bloom of her complexion, and the big loose sleeve of her blouse made her hand like a child's, though it was really strong and very deft. She was painting with her whole mind; breathing quickly as she mixed her paints, holding her breath as she put her brush against the canvas. She had the apparently aimless yet secure movement of the born painter. Each dab of the brush went to the right place without effort. As she half closed her eyes and put her head a little to one side to measure and compare, she took on a quaintly humorous expression which made her quite bewitching to the young soldier.

"I hear you are going away," said Curtis, speaking with some effort.

"Yes; if I finish this study to-day we will break up and vacate to-morrow."

"I am sorry. You will come back next spring, I hope."

She gave him a quick, keen glance and put her head again on one side to squint.

"No; I don't think I shall ever get here again."

"Have you exhausted the subjects out here?"

"Oh, no!" she cried with sudden artistic enthusiasm. "I have just begun to see what I want to do. It's all stunning material."

"Then why not come back?" She did not reply and he went on: "I hope I haven't made it so unpleasant for you that you are running away to escape me? If so, I'll resign."

She looked at him again with a sharp word on her tongue, but he appeared so manly, so handsome with his head drooping humbly, that she could not hurt him. She was used to this real or assumed humility in men, and knew what it meant. A flash of gratified pride rose to her face.

"Oh, no—you have nothing to do with it," she replied.

"I am glad of that," he said, though he thought her answer not candid. "I was afraid you might think me unsympathetic, but I am not. I will afford you every means to go on with your work, for I am eager to see this people put into art before they lose every distinctive feature of their life. I feel you could do much."

"Thank you," she said; "I don't think I shall go very far with them. They are very pleasant—on canvas—but there are too many disagreeable things connected with painting them—I don't see how you endure the thought of living here among them. I can select my types and keep them at maulstick length, but you have to adopt the whole tribe." She shuddered. "They are insufferable!"

"I don't understand that hardness in you, Miss Brisbane," he replied.

"I'm sure it isn't at all mysterious. I hate dirt and rags even when painted. Now little Peta here is quite different. She is a dear little thing. See her sigh—she gets so tired, but she's patient."

"You are making a beautiful picture of her."

"Thank you. I seem to have hit her off very well in some ways, only she's so solemn when she sits for me."

"Will you exhibit in Washington?"

"I may—I haven't decided."

"If you do, I wish you would let me know; I may be able to time my visit so as to witness your triumph."

"Oh, my little row of paintings couldn't be tortured into a triumph."

"Miss Brisbane, this whole matter has become really serious to me." His voice was very sincere and earnest. "I do not like to think of your going away carrying an unpleasant impression of me. If I have been harsh or presuming in any way, I beg your pardon. I admire you and your art too sincerely to—to discourage you in any way."

She rose abruptly and stared at him musingly as she said: "I don't know that you have." She motioned to Peta—"You can go now, dear."

As the little Tetong girl went out Curtis rose hastily. "I hope I have not broken up your sitting."

She rose abruptly and stared at him musingly as she said: "I don't know that you have"

She narrowed her eyes and stared at the picture with professional gravity before she replied: "Oh, no; I had only a few touches to put in on the shadow under the chin—that luminous quality is so hard to get. Oh, no; I'm quite finished."

She went behind a screen, and when she reappeared without her brushes and her blouse she had resumed the manners of the drawing-room.

"Would you like to look at my sketches?" she asked. "They're jolly rubbish, the whole lot, but they represent a great deal of enthusiasm and a lot of work."

Her tone was friendly—too friendly, considering the point at which he had paused, and he was deeply hurt. He had humbled himself before her as never before and she apparently despised him for it.

"Miss Brisbane, I am accustomed to deal directly and I like to have people deal with the same frankness with me. I know you are angry with me because of my action in the case of your uncle. I do not ask pardon for that—I was acting there in the line of my duty—but, if I have spoken harshly or without due regard to your feelings, I beg your pardon most sincerely. There should be no quarrel between us over my duty as an officer of the Government."

He made a powerful appeal to her at this moment, but she willfully replied: "You made no effort to soften my uncle's disgrace."

"I didn't know he was your uncle at that time." He smiled, but his face quickly grew grave. "It would have made no difference if I had—it was my duty to step between him and the records of the office, and I did it." He turned toward the door. "If there is anything I can do to help you reach the station, I hope you will let me know, though I am very sorry to see you go."

She was unrelenting, but very lovely, as she said: "Thank you, Captain; all arrangements are complete. Mr. Lawson has attended to all that."

"Good-afternoon, Miss Brisbane."

"Good-by, Captain Curtis."

"She is hard—hard as iron," he said as he walked away. "She's her father's daughter."

He was ashamed to acknowledge how deeply he felt her rejection of his proffered friendship. He had intended his visit to lead to further acquaintance—he had humiliated himself to no purpose—and yet the thought of not seeing her again gave him keen pain. She knew what he meant, and by her rejection of his proffer of aid she intended indubitably to say: "I do not expect to see you again. Our acquaintance ends at this point. I am content to have it so;" and this judgment gave him a certain shock, for he was not without self-appreciation.

On her part Elsie was surprised to find a new nerve tingling in her brain, and this tremor interfered with her self-satisfaction over her adroit rejection of his peace-offering. During the afternoon, as she superintended her packing, she often paused in an attitude of meditation—her inward eye lingering on the fine, manly figure he made, while his deep, penetrating voice vibrated in her ears.

What if he were right, after all? Certainly she cared very little for her Uncle Sennett—in fact, she disliked him at times; he was so undeniably coarse. On the other hand, Curtis, as he lost the tan of his mountain life, had grown more markedly refined and thoughtful in her eyes.

She began to see herself in a less pleasant light, and when, at the dinner-table, Lawson began to speak of Curtis she listened to him with more interest than before.

"He is making wonderful changes here," Lawson was saying. "Everywhere you go you see long-haired warriors working at fence-building, bridge-making, cabin-raising—with their eagle feathers fluttering in the wind, their small hands blistered with work and chapped with cold. They are sawing boards and piling grain in the warehouse to-day and daubing red paint on the building. Curtis has put them in a frenzy of work. Every man has his rations and is hopeful. In some way he has persuaded the chiefs to bring in all the school-children, and the benches are full of the little shock-heads, all wild as colts."

"A new broom," murmured Elsie.

"Sennett was never even a new broom," retorted Lawson. "He always had a nasty slaunch to him. He started in by leaving the dirt in the corners, and I don't see exactly why you take such pains in defending him."

"Because he is my uncle," she replied.

"Uncle Broomstick! That is pure fudge! You didn't speak to him once a week—you despised him—I know you did. You are simply making a cudgel of him now to beat Curtis—and, seriously, I think it unworthy of you. More than this, you'll be sorry, for if Sennett has not been absolutely stealing——"

Elsie stopped him with an angry gesture. "I'll not have you accusing my uncle behind his back."

Lawson made a gesture of despair. "All right! But make a note of it—you'll regret your action in taking sides with a disreputable against an officer of Captain Curtis' reputation."

"You are not my master!" she said, and her eyes were fiercely bright now. "I do not wish to hear you use that tone to me again! I resent it!" and she struck the floor with her foot—like an angry doe. "Henceforth, if we remain friends, you will refrain from lecturing me!" and she left the room with a feeling of having done two men a wrong and of being much injured herself.

That night she was rather amazed to find her resentment transferring itself from Curtis to Lawson. "How dared he talk like that to me?" she asked herself. "Does he think he is my guardian?"

SIXTH CHAPTER

THE settlers had already become convinced that Curtis was the wrong man for them. He could neither be bulldozed nor persuaded by soft words to take up their side of the case. During the long winter evenings they had plenty of time to mature their plan, which was to force the Government to move the tribe to some yet more inhospitable ground.

The twenty original settlers were taken as the text of speeches and memorials to Congress. Their melancholy situation was enlarged upon skillfully by capable writers who pointed out that these hardy and industrious patriots (they are always noble specimens of the white race for sake of argument) were exposed to ceaseless ravages from the lawless red men, who squatted in vengeful silence, waiting an opportunity to burn the homes of these ranchers, whose flocks were exposed to constant midnight raids and suffered considerable losses each season. "They are hemmed in by sullen redskins, with no grazing-ground and no outlet for their trade. Their condition is deplorable."

To an outsider this view of the case of these imprisoned settlers seemed mournful—but to Curtis the situation presented itself at a different angle. The settlers were to him "cheap" whites; "many of them were criminally oblivious of the

(Continued on Page 18)

Advanced Photography for Amateurs

By Zaida Ben-Yûsuf

II—LANDSCAPES

I WILL confess at the outset that landscape photography is a new experience for me, and, though naturally my work in other lines has helped me to accomplish more in a short time than I might otherwise have done, the hopes and the disappointments, the ambition that tries to do something under impossible conditions, and the mystery of the plate that won't develop as it should, have all been mine very recently. The wounds and the joys of my efforts are still so fresh that I feel a large sympathy for all my fellow-amateurs, and I imagine that the plain tale of all these things will be about as much help to another beginner as the story of a veteran experience long past would be.

To begin with, I wondered why landscape photography had never interested me unless it was something most pictorial and striking. In using the word pictorial I mean something that is not merely a pretty view, but imaginative and even fantastic, expressing very clearly an artistic purpose.

These, evidently, are the really difficult things to do out-of-doors, because the conditions are in fact made for us; we are permitted only to select, and in nine cases out of ten the very things we want to choose are almost impossible to photograph. The average city and its suburbs has enough more or less pretty views to fill volumes, but who looks at them when they are made? Every snapshot of a waterfall, from Niagara to a mill-dam, looks practically alike to a casual observer, and as most of us *are* casual we simply turn the page over after a moment's hesitation to say "Isn't that sweet!" and promptly forget all about it. The photographs may be beautifully finished and exquisite reproductions of the scenes they represent, yet they do not rivet the attention. It seems to me that one of the chief reasons for this is that too much detail is compressed into a very small space, and also because we are too familiar with that sort of picture. The faults very easily suggest the remedy, but it is one that is not easy to apply.

In looking over several of the photographic records published each year, showing the cream of all the work done by each amateur, I find perhaps a dozen really unique landscape pictures—certainly not more than that number.

Why is it?

It must be understood that I do not include in this small number any scenes which are beautiful entirely of themselves. For instance, it shows very little artistic merit in any photographer simply to reproduce what an artist-gardener has set down before him. The tiny proportion I have just mentioned makes it appear that, although the gift for successful landscape photography is essentially of the selective sort, there must be added a very subtle imaginative quality; and, judging by the rare intervals at which it appears, one would think that either it is a most difficult combination to find or that photographers do not grasp the idea that it is necessary to educate one's eye to look for the less comprehensive subjects. It is certainly not easy for every one to develop this sense. It takes time; but the reward is well worth the effort. As a matter of pride it makes us want to select the very ugliest thing we can find to exercise our ideas upon in the hope that we may give it some pictorial beauty that no one else discovered.

I don't mean for a moment to decry the well-rendered photograph of any normal type; there are hundreds of such pictures made, containing in black and white all the qualities that are to be found in a Corot, Diaz, or, to use familiar names, an Innes painting—except color, and the one great fact that it was produced by the hand and brain alone. But it is just these two things and the idea that, because they *are* so normal, this type of work is the easiest for the mass of amateurs to attempt, that make it advisable for those who can do so to try to work on other lines. On an exhibition wall, for instance, they have very little chance of being appreciated or of adding to the general interest.

After all, in these familiar scenes it is the color and odor of the whole that affect us most, and we unconsciously wish to carry the entire effect into our picture, forgetting what will be lost in its transmission to the cold medium of paper and chemicals. A comparative study of such paintings and also of magazine illustrations is a great help to discovering our possibilities and also our limitations with the camera. Not long ago I saw some very clever drawings of picturesque points in New York. One of these, made on Brooklyn Bridge, gave me a hint that it would be very good practice to go down there and try to see things as

No. 1—Taken with the back glass of an old-fashioned portrait lens

Editor's Note—This is the second of six papers which form a practical advanced course for amateurs in photography.

the artist had. So I went, and discovered that I simply could not do so unless I had three eyes, each looking at a different angle, and my camera certainly could not do this. I found also that some details had been omitted altogether Among the most important were the cables, which in the real picture would have rather spoiled the view of the city, so that, though the artist had given us a well constructed drawing, it was impossible to call it truthful or to imitate it

A splendid sunset just at that moment was so inspiring that I felt I must try to get a picture of the city and bay as it looked at that hour. There were the beautiful purple shadows along the silhouetted shores of Brooklyn and New York, a sky of brown and rose-colored clouds, and an opal sea: in the distance, the statue of Liberty seemed to hold the first star of evening in her hand. I had brought with me on purpose to test its value for such work a 5 x 7 camera such as most

No. 3—Several seconds' exposure with the back lens of a very fine Dallmeyer

amateurs use, but the results showed it was quite useless, as the strong vibrations of the bridge made it impossible to use anything but a quick shutter. If I had gone down below to a near-by housetop I could have got a splendid foreground and given the time exposure evidently necessary with such a lens but feminine reasons prevented It proved to my complete satisfaction that you cannot make quick exposures with the usual hand camera except in strong lights. If photographs are to be made in the hours that require a short exposure a large lens at full aperture is necessary

Doctor Grun, an English scientist, has recently discovered a combination of fluid chemicals which he claims will solve all these difficulties. This fluid is intended to fill the space between the two glasses which form most types of portrait lens He seems to consider these more desirable for the purpose, as the depth of focus is found to be increased by the action of the chemicals Some specimen prints which I have seen are certainly very remarkable, and prove that the idea has got beyond the theoretical stage They included some out-of-doors night scenes made in a quarter of a second and others in a theatre while the performance was in progress I understand that as soon as patent-office formalities permit the invention will be put on sale for general use

The illustrations I have used here were selected with some reference to the different varieties of lenses used, and all except one were time exposures. No. 1 was taken with the back glass of an old fashioned portrait lens designed originally to make half inch high heads of the *carte de visite* sort in vogue about twenty years ago. In diameter it is about two and one-quarter inches Its limit is a plate 3 x 4 inches, but by using the back lens only it will cover an 8 x 10 plate to the edge and is perfectly rectilinear, though very soft This quality is rather a help to some subjects that would otherwise be commonplace. I made a street scene at midday with it, using the cap instead of a shutter, and the results were excellent

No. 2 was made with a Zeiss lens about four o'clock one day in late October. No. 3 was made with the back lens of a very fine Dallmeyer a half hour later. It had several seconds' exposure. One of the most difficult things, to me, was to make the lens see the landscape as my perfectly normal eyes saw it. I am, personally, quite convinced that the blurred or fuzzy focus is not the proper expression for a photographic reproduction of any outdoor subject Softness and delicacy are quite another matter and very desirable because they are truthful, but out of focus arrangements are liable to be merely lumpy, and nothing in Nature seems to suggest that this is correct. Evidently the cleverness lies in selecting a grouping of such masses of light and dark objects that cheap lenses and strong daylight are immaterial. The picture will then have sufficient pictorial power to make one forget the medium that produced it

No. 2—About four o'clock one day in late October

The point of view is another essential thing to keep in mind; it has such a vital influence on the subsequent picture. Suppose that while seated on the ground some particular spot attracts your attention as a place to be photographed. The first thing to be sure of when setting up the camera is that the lens sees it as your eye did The chances are, that placed at the usual tripod height it would quite change the aspect of things, and not always for the better. When a view first impresses itself upon one while walking it does not always follow that a lens looking straight ahead will see it correctly, because the eye may have been looking downward at quite a sharp angle, and the eye of the camera should do the same. I recently had occasion to photograph some one seated in a cab, and it offers a rather good instance of this class, as, in order to avoid making the horse the most important feature of the picture, I found it necessary to raise the tripod to its highest point, and also to get up a roadside bank which added at least another two feet to the height of the lens. To get the little picture No. 4 the camera was almost on the ground

The photographs of ships on a high horizon line with a long foreground of water, which are so attractive, must be made from a plane corresponding to that of a rowboat in relation to the height of the ship, otherwise the range of vision would be perfectly level and you would see water or land beyond

Photographing objects in motion is naturally a part of outdoor interest, but should only be indulged in with great caution. I feel sure that on many occasions where tradition has decided it is proper to use a quick shutter the idea is quite wrong. Running water, for instance, appears to our eyes only a soft blur of movement and an instantaneous photograph gives anything but this impression. On the few occasions that I have had to make such pictures I have made a quick time exposure with a cap instead of shutter and secured quite interesting results. The easiest way to test the matter, of course, is to go out and try both ways. It seems that too much sharpness is not desirable when the subject is supposed to be swift; and whether it is water, men or animals the absolutely truthful picture of arrested motion which an instantaneous photograph gives us is rarely what the human mind remembers, or according to artistic standards. A series of such prints might be of use for anatomical studies, but from an artistic standpoint are not permissible

Pinhole work occupies a field all its own as an interesting speculation; though its results are much the same as single lens effects. Several eminent writers on photography have even contended that this is the only reasonable way to make photographs, but such an extreme view is hardly practical on account of the length of exposure required. Exposure and size of image are governed so entirely by a system of relative measurements that they assume a very technical character and will properly come under that heading in another place, but to get some idea about them set up the camera in a room with the pinhole facing a window. It will be found that objects will be distinctly reflected on the ground glass at short focus range

No. 4—The camera was almost on the ground

His Gift of Eloquence—By George Horton

"Is this my Kensington or Vichy day?"

WALTER E. FULLER had been with them a week now, since that afternoon when they picked him up at Rome. He had joined their party and had come on to Naples with them. They had known him by reputation, of course, even before he introduced himself in the rotunda of the hotel, in that forcefully genial manner which was the greatest secret of his success. There was no chance of imposition, even though they were two women traveling alone, save for the comfort of an inexhaustible letter of credit, and the protection of an absent minded college professor. For several weeks previous to their departure from Chicago Mr. Fuller's name had figured with great frequency in the columns of the daily press, and his portrait had been produced in half-tone again and again. Was he not the Cicero of the West, the most eloquent and most promising young lawyer in Chicago? The Lauterjung case had been Mr. Fuller's opportunity, and he had shown himself equal to it, clearing the man of the charge of murder in the face of a great whirlwind of popular indignation.

"Success" was written upon every lineament of Walter E. Fuller's face; it gleamed from his bold black eye, it spoke in his decisive gestures. He was a handsome man, too, with full cheeks, a darkly ruddy complexion, jet black hair and a prodigious mustache of the same color. Redundant vitality streamed from him like heat from a stove, and was typified even in the growth of his beard, which pushed to the surface so enthusiastically that he was obliged to shave twice a day. Perhaps that same beard was the most typical thing about Mr. Fuller, who was himself an untiring and rapid pusher. As such, he was a traveling companion most welcome to the buxom Mrs. Bascomb, engaged in rushing her daughter Mabel over Europe as a completion to the four years of fashionable education which she had received at Bryn Mawr. The lawyer made himself very agreeable to the ladies. He was loquacious without being a bore, and knew enough of all topics to be entertaining, without being tiresomely profound in any. For the rest, he was a trifle given to overfullness of physical habit, due to an honest appetite and a sedentary occupation; and he was a neat and impressive dresser.

It had been a triangular party until the materialization of Mr. Fuller at Rome. As for the Professor, Mrs. and Miss Bascomb had discovered him on board the Furst Bismarck, one day out from New York. He was sitting doubled up in a steamer chair, with a striped yachting cap on his head and Lieutenant Condor's Altaic Hieroglyphics and Hittite Inscriptions on his knee. Mabel introduced him to her mother as "My former dear teacher of Greek at Bryn Mawr," and the elder lady had utilized him in England, Ireland and France as dragoman, porter and peripatetic guide, a proceeding which doubtless would have scandalized those familiar with the greatness of his reputation; for Mr. Baker's monograph on the Hittites had proved conclusively, for the time being, that their language had no connection with ancient Armenian, and had led to his call to Chicago and to his investiture with the dignity of full professorship.

It had not seemed peculiar to Mrs. Bascomb that the Professor's itinerary should coincide so completely with her own and Mabel's. A year off meant, to her, a vacation, as profitably passed in England and Italy as elsewhere. To Mrs. Bascomb the Professor was a quiet and harmless gentleman of thirty-five, slightly gray, and with a student's "stoop." He was useful now and he might be induced, if she patronized him sufficiently, to give a free lecture next winter on the Hittites before the Lakeside Art Club, of which organization she was Vice-President.

SECOND CHAPTER

MABEL and the Professor were sitting on a stone bench at one side of a sort of square that seemed a rendezvous for cabmen. There were two or three smithies in the immediate vicinity, and a line of cabs was drawn up at a little distance away. Before them was a precipitous wall of earth of considerable height, at whose top could be seen a long row of green vines, evidently belonging to a vineyard growing upon the plateau above. Against the face of the earthen wall stood a great marble slab, bearing an inscription which the unlearned may gaze at solemnly, deciphering here and there the name "Vergilius." Miss Mabel, clad in a tailor-made costume of brown, and wearing a brown velvet toque ornamented with mink tails, was reading aloud from her Baedeker. Her white chin nestled in the fur of a boa and two saucy mink heads guarded her dimples with ferocious teeth.

"Among the vineyards above the old road to the south-east,'" she read, "'is an ancient Roman Columbarium, popularly known as the Tomb of Vergil (now quite inaccessible). The name of the monument is without satisfactory historical foundation, though local tradition——' Oh, bother local tradition! Doesn't anybody know anything any more? I wish I had never been to college. We go and study four, five, seven years, just to learn that nobody knows anything for sure. Doesn't that just look like the tomb of Vergil?" And, snapping to her feet, she skipped back several steps and pointed to a tiny, templelike structure of dingy marble embowered in the vines above their heads.

"It looks as though it might be Vergil's tomb," assented the Professor, rising and viewing the object carefully.

"Don't you feel that it is? I do. I just feel that it is! What is the use of having a beautiful monument if people won't believe it's yours?"

"Vergil's monument is not made of marble," replied the Professor. "It is more lasting than brass. Marble monuments are for mere mortals, to give solace to the two or three generations which immediately succeed them."

"Lest we forget, lest we forget," sighed Mabel. She was a [illegible] girl. They walked up to the great slab and the Professor glanced carelessly at the long inscription in Italian.

"Oh, read it to me!" cried his companion, clapping her little hands. "How lovely it is to have somebody along who knows everything!"

"It's a mere historical thing—concerning the tomb up there. But here's some Latin; we'll see how well you remember your Latin." He put his finger under the words and she pronounced

"Qui cineres? Tumuli haec vestigia: conditur olim
Ille hic qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces."

"You pronounce very well, but you have no idea of quantity. Now construe, please." Mabel felt as though she were back at school, and she began, humbly: "What ashes? Here are the vestiges of a—a——"

"Mound—grave—put it in the English idiom. Here are the remains of, um, ah, a tomb."

"Remains of a tomb. It was founded——"

"Tense, tense," interrupted the Professor impatiently.

"It is founded," feebly.

"No, no, my dear young lady, not founded at all. Let me read it for you. 'It is handed down from old time that this is he who formerly sang of flocks, rural themes, leaders'—that is, wars. I greatly fear, Mabel, that you are forgetting your Latin. You should read a little every day, just a few lines, to keep it in mind."

"Lest we forget, lest we forget," murmured Mabel. They sat down again upon the bench and the Professor gave his former pupil a brief account of the great poet's journey to Greece with the Emperor, of the fatal trip to Megara, and then of the legend which persisted during the Dark Ages, by which the poet was transformed into a magician. She listened with rapt attention, gazing admiringly into her companion's eyes.

"Oh, how lovely it must be to know so much!" she exclaimed effusively; "and what a privilege it is for me to visit these places with you! Do you know, Professor, that we girls used to just worship you at Bryn Mawr? You were our idol. I can just imagine the feelings of Jennie Butts—do you remember Jennie?—and of Maud Perkins, if they knew that I was traveling through Europe with you."

The Professor took courage.

"So you young ladies used to be fond of me?" he said in a low voice.

"Why, we worshipped you!"

He took in his own the little white hand that lay beside him upon the bench.

"Mabel," he said tenderly, "you give me courage to make a confession. I have come all this way with your mother and yourself, when I ought to have gone directly to Asia Minor, to get a chance to tell you something. I have admired you ever since you first came into my classes, quite a small girl. I am too old for you, perhaps, but your love of literature and the classics would be a bond between us. Won't my little pupil come to me and be with me always? That girlish admiration, can't you let it grow into something deeper, stronger? We will study together, travel together, lead the higher life together, and if you could learn to love me it would be the noblest, grandest kind of love. There is no communion in this world like that of souls. Don't you think you could love me, if you were to try a little, Mabel? Couldn't you begin right away, to-day? Only think, four years have passed away since I first saw you and, *labuntur anni*——"

"*Tempus fugaces*," sighed Mabel instinctively.

"Now is the time for love, to-day, here. We put it off for one reason and another, and before we realize it, our little moment upon earth is gone!"

Mabel was certainly a sufficiently lovely picture as she looked into the Professor's face. Her light blue eyes were swimming with tears and a yellow shaft of sun lay upon her straw-colored hair, fine as the strands of a spider's web, yet glorious in its heaped abundance. Her lips were a trifle too full for symmetry, perhaps, yet they were just the kind of lips to mutter soft

"When you and I behind the veil are passed,
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last!"

Just at this moment one of the cabmen, a villainous-looking brigand, all whiskers and voice, stood before them, gesticulating and shouting. He had been sleeping upon his box and the first thing he had seen upon awakening was these two foreigners. Scrambling stealthily down to escape the vigilance of his confrères he had tiptoed to the place, and there was now no way of shaking him off.

"Go away!" cried the Professor, "go away!"

The voice awoke other Jehus and the couple were soon surrounded by half a dozen voluble Neapolitans. Mabel and her escort took their way back to the hotel, the brigands dancing about them and yelling the entire distance. All the cabmen whom they passed in the road whipped up their bony animals and rattled along beside, close to the curb. At last the door of the hotel slammed between them and the jabbering voices. There was no one in the cool, dim hall. As they reached the top of the marble flight, the Professor detained the girl with a thin, nervous hand.

"Tell me," he whispered, "do you love me? Say yes!"

"I—I admire you greatly," she answered. "But I cannot say that I love you—not as you mean. I have never thought of you exactly in that way."

"But tell me one thing more"—the Professor's voice was quite fierce now—"has that voluble hulk—has Mr. Fuller made any difference? Do you—do you admire him?"

"Mr. Fuller is a very eloquent man," came the reply.

"Mabel! Mabel!" cried a pleasant though anxious voice from the head of the first landing. "Is that you?"

Mr. Fuller . . . set out gayly for the aquarium with Miss Mabel on his arm

"Yes, mamma

"Is this my Kissingen or Vichy day? I can't remember for the life of me, and if I don't alternate them I lose the entire effect of the treatment."

"I'm sure I don't remember, either, mamma, but the Professor is here"

Mr Baker took a little notebook from his waistcoat pocket, turned a few of the leaves and read. "'December 23d, Mrs. Harriet Bascomb, Kissingen.' This is your Vichy day," he called up the stairs

"That invaluable notebook!" laughed Mabel, running up to her mother. "Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

"Contemn eloquence!" muttered the Professor, who was not a profane man

THIRD CHAPTER

MRS BASCOMB dragged the Professor off to the museum in the afternoon, causing him to call her several spiteful names under his breath, the most innocent of which was "toy-snatcher" Thus was Mr. Fuller given the very opportunity which he had been scheming to encompass, and he set out gayly for the aquarium with Miss Mabel on his arm. Baker, standing upon the hotel steps, was forced to admit to Mrs. Bascomb that they made a magnificent and well-mated couple. Fuller wore a high hat, patent leather shoes, and an extraordinarily long coat of Prince Albert pattern, while his fair companion in her walking-suit was the most fetching and elegant little figure imaginable. To the Professor's eyes she seemed to be leaning with shameless abandon on the arm of his rival, and when she looked up into Fuller's face and smiled sweetly the Bay of Naples became a stinking puddle and charming Mrs. Bascomb a toothless ogress

The lawyer was in high feather as he drove through the streets of the fairest city on earth with one of the prettiest and richest girls in all Chicago, and he congratulated himself again and again for having taken this flying trip to Europe. Pointing to the beauties of the sea, to Ischia and Capri floating in the mist, and to the white villages lying like a fringe of foam upon the distant coast, or shining like snowbanks upon the hillsides, he gave his eloquence full play. Nor did objects nearer by escape his attention: the pretty washerwomen standing erect as statues with their bundles upon their heads, the carts drawn by long horned, patient, clumsy oxen, the shop windows gay with their Christmas decorations As he talked, Mabel felt that he was putting her very thoughts into expression and she listened with delight and gratitude. And when they entered the dim passages of the wonderful aquarium, passing, as it were, through glass tunnels in the very depths of the sea, the lawyer was still in his element. They walked by a nightmare of octopods that hung in the water with tentacles drooping downward, like umbrella skeletons, or that inflated great fleshy bags and made horrid, flabby leaps upon their prey. Sharks prowled in artificial caverns, glaring at them hungrily, and ungainly fish, with monstrous heads and wide, thin lipped mouths, bobbed their noses against the glass. Hermit crabs staggered across the sand with their tubs upon their backs, and grotesque hippocampi, holding by the tail to the slim grasses, nodded and swayed. And Mr. Fuller realized the power of money Calling the attendant he gave him a lira to feed the devil fish and wave a wizard's wand over the tops of a submarine forest, flowering in red and purple leaves. At the passing of the wand the tree-tops slid down into their trunks like those fans which one shuts by pulling a string, and only the desolate stumps remained—the leaves and branches all blown away in a moment by a wind of fear.

When they came to the octopods, the lawyer, who had a good memory, quoted from The Toilers of the Sea, and Mabel shuddered, clinging to his arm more tightly. While they stood gazing at the hermit crabs, Mr. Fuller proposed.

"Miss Mabel," he said; "Mabel; I love you. From the first moment that I set eyes upon you in Rome I felt that you were my affinity, and every subsequent moment that I have passed in your divine presence has but deepened that conviction. Your beauty, your wit, your grace of manner, took me captive from the start, and now I see that we are kindred souls intellectually. We admire the same poets, we have the same—ah—literary tastes. Our union would mean more than a mere marriage of two human beings, Mabel. It would mean the flowing together into one deep, clear, musical stream of two converging lives. I do not mean to imply that I am worthy of you, Mabel; no man could be. But I am not altogether contemptible, and such as I am I lay my ambition, my career, my life at your little feet. Will you be mine, Mabel, may I hope?"

The girl made no answer, but stood with her eyes fixed upon a tiny hippocampus that seemed to be nodding "Yes, yes, yes."

"May I hope, Mabel dear?" repeated the lawyer, tenderly, stooping and attempting to look into her face

"You must give me time to think," she faltered. "This is so sudden—oh, isn't that conventional!" and she laughed nervously; "and you must let me talk it over with dear mamma"

FOURTH CHAPTER

I WONDER what that poor little nervous man of mine would think of this?" soliloquized Mrs. Bascomb in the presence of the other three members of the party. They were all sitting on the balcony of their hotel on the Posilipo. It was night, dinner was over, and the two men were smoking their cigars. The Professor was silent and moody, the lawyer in high spirits.

"You refer to your husband?" he asked of Mrs. Bascomb.

"Yes, that poor little dried-up husband of mine. He needed this trip more than I did, and I told him to come along, but he imagined that Chicago would sink into the lake if he wasn't there. There's the cannery and his experimental laboratory and his tomato farm—that's a new venture—and his shiploads of Greek currants coming in and his carloads of California fruit. Bless you, there's not such a slave in all the world as my poor little husband. He couldn't get away for a minute. 'No,' says he, 'Harriet; you and Mabel do the traveling and the reading, and leave me to can the peas.' I don't know what he'll do without me. When he gets nervous I soothe him. I sit down on the bed and put my hand on his head and just soothe him, and he drops off."

The lawyer glanced at Mrs. Bascomb and mentally concluded that the soothing process could not be entirely disagreeable. She was Mabel over again, considerably inflated. She dressed youthfully, her lips were still red and there was a healthful color in her cheeks. When one is interested in a girl it is pleasant, from a prophetic standpoint, to know that her mother is also attractive.

"Poor old Pops!" sighed Mabel; "we must tell him all about this when we get home. You come and describe it to him, Mr Fuller.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Bascomb, "we hope to see you at the house just as soon as we get back—to have you to dinner."

"I need not tell you that I shall avail myself of your kind invitation," replied the lawyer, glancing tenderly at Mabel, who stood leaning against the railing, gazing out over the city; "and as for describing what we have seen to Mr Bascomb, he continued, rising from his chair and including the prospect in one majestic arm-sweep, "we shall have nothing more beautiful or lovely to describe than this very scene. It is a symphony in light and darkness, and all the lights are red. There are the street lamps, in long parallel rows, ending abruptly in the distance, seeming to break rank and sprinkle the night like parterres of flowers. Those last are from the windows of scattering cottages, where the city ends. Those moving lights yonder that drift across the darkness like will o'-the-wisps are the torches of boatmen on the bay. Above us are the stars, brighter and nearer than we ever see them in America, and yonder, lifted high in the blackness, is the fierce red torch of Vesuvius. But how shall we make your father understand that we see nothing but the flame—no mountain, no earth, no sky—just that brilliant flame painted against the black? It is not over twenty miles away——"

It's about six," interrupted the Professor viciously.

—yet it seems quite near," concluded Mr. Fuller tamely; and then, taking breath again, he proceeded. "And what happens to the man that falls into that vast caldron of fire that is now belching out the flames which we see?"

"The flames which we see," again interrupted Mr. Baker, in a weary, disgusted voice, "are not flames at all. They are merely the reflection against the rising smoke and vapor of the interior fires."

"That's immaterial," continued the lawyer, lifting his voice; "at any rate there's a great boiling caldron of lava there, and I have often thought what would happen to the man who fell therein? What is your idea, Mrs. Bascomb, yours, Miss—Miss Mabel?"

"It's too dreadful to think of," shuddered Mabel

"Well—imagine a human being walking along the path by the edge of the crater. He is in the society of his friends, we will say, laughing, talking of trivial things. Wherever he casts his eye, save in one direction, is the happy, peaceful world. Below him lie green vineyards, white villages, and yonder the sea, glittering for a thousand leagues in the sun. If he is a tourist, perhaps his ship is even now waiting at the wharf to take him away on the morrow, back to his wife, maybe, to his children and his loved ones. But here, close at hand, the world ends abruptly in the brow of a circular precipice and a wall of smoke. His curiosity is aroused. Did you ever stand upon a great height and feel a dreadful desire to cast yourself downward? So with this man. He is conscious of a yearning to step a little nearer to the edge of that vast opening, to look down into it, to see what man has never seen before. He fights the desire off—he struggles against it. He casts his eye again at the pleasant world, he makes some careless, perhaps facetious, remark to his friends and he steps a little nearer to the edge of—hell." The last word was spoken in a low, reverential tone. Mabel had turned and was looking at Mr. Fuller. Her lips were parted and her eyes were opened very wide.

"The unknown fascinates him. Death draws him as a serpent draws its victim. He looks again at the vineyards, the sea and the islands and steps still nearer to the yawning opening, leaning toward it to peer over. Then suddenly he feels the earth slipping beneath his feet He gives a hoarse scream of terror——"

Mabel uttered a faint "Ah!"

"He clutches madly at the yielding ashes, the lost world mocks him with a last smile, and then down, down, he goes——"

"Stop, Mr. Fuller, stop!" cried Mrs. Bascomb

"Yes, yes! Go on!" commanded Mabel

"Down, down, toward the great seething, boiling, tossing sea of fire. But he never reaches it. Like a gnat thrown into a fiery furnace, he is utterly consumed in the twinkling of an eye, and pulled scornfully back to heaven. The great mouth of the infernal regions spits him up in spray. He floats back in steam, a part of the crater's sulphurous breath. But a moment ago a man, he is now as thoroughly mingled with all the elements as though he had been dead for a century. The winds scatter him

"With yesterday's seven thousand years," sighed Mabel.

Mr. Fuller's description was given the tribute of silence The Professor, realizing that he was completely eclipsed, bade the ladies good-night with as good grace as possible, but Mr. Fuller, feeling magnanimous, detained him with "Hold on a minute, old man, and I'll go, too. We must let the ladies go to bed and get some rest—mustn't talk 'em to death, you know. But what's the program for to-morrow, Christmas Day?"

"Oh, we'll leave it to you, Mr. Fuller."

"Well, then, what do you say to our making the ascent of Vesuvius to-morrow"

"No, thanks!" cried Mrs. Bascomb; "not after the little talk you've given us to-night. I don't care to lose my flesh quite that fast. Kissingen and Vichy are good enough for me

Her fears were soon overcome, however, by the eloquent lawyer and she consented to the expedition, declaring: "I shall jump in, I know I shall

—one of the cabmen, a villainous-looking brigand, all whiskers and vest, stood before them, gesticulating and shouting

FIFTH CHAPTER

THREE Italians with guitars were walking beside a carriage, strumming and singing. In the vehicle were seated Mrs. and Miss Bascomb, the Professor and the lawyer

The vineyards were getting more and more sparse, and were splotched here and there with irregular areas of lava.

(Concluded on Page 19)

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ Every big trust has good intentions, but it does not allow them to interfere with the dividends

¶ If Queen Wilhelmina had only married a good American husband how happy she might be!

¶ Henry Irving says Americans are not crude. How in the world could they be when they paid three dollars a seat?

¶ The difference between a winter resort and a summer resort is that the crowds are less, but the charges are more

¶ Mr. Hepburn, the former Comptroller of the Currency, says we need a Minister of Commerce. Why? To say grace before we gobble up the world's trade?

¶ Isidor Rayner would take no pay for his defense of Admiral Schley! It was one of those rare cases wherein the service could not be measured in money, and from which the satisfaction was all the clearer and finer without gold, for it was fame.

¶ In the new possessions the United States owns thousands of miles of telegraph lines and the cost of telegraphing is far less than it is in this country. Perhaps after a while the Government will import some of its good ideas for home consumption

¶ Within two years the prices of food have increased twenty-five per cent. Fortunately the general prosperity goes on and hunger is satisfied. But here is an interesting topic for the debating societies: Which is better, good times without good crops or good crops without good times?

"The Way of the Young Nation"

THE American Bridge Company of Philadelphia has secured a contract for the construction of twenty steel bridges on the Uganda railroad in Africa. This contract, like that for the Atbara bridge, the Goktcik viaduct in Burma, and many others of the same kind has been obtained after hot competition with English and Continental firms that were willing to do the work, but wanted more money and time for it

There seems to be no reason why most jobs of this kind in new countries should not come to American factories. It is not altogether a question of the superior hustle of the American workman and the superior driving-power of the American employer—although that has a great deal to do with it. Our whole experience ever since railways were invented has been a training for precisely this sort of thing. When railroads were introduced into Europe the European countries were already old and thickly settled. Their highways were solidly built without regard to time or cost. Many of their bridges had come down from their ancestors of centuries before. The railroads took their place in the old settled communities and were built according to the old methods. The entire railway system of the United States, which contains more miles of line than there are in all the countries of Europe combined, has been built in a new land. When the first roads were built the Eastern States were new. The railroads have pushed westward in advance of the population. They have thrown their cobweb bridges across rivers whose primeval solitudes were first disturbed by their own engineers.

At every step they have had to meet the problem of making their way with the least weight, the least labor, the least time and the least money. They have had this problem repeated over and over and over again so many times that they have been driven inevitably to solutions that could be applied as often as needed without change. Instead of treating each new bridge, after the European fashion, as a separate undertaking, they have designed bridges by wholesale and turned them out by the mile in lengths to suit

All this has been a preparation for the development of other new countries. When railways are to be laid and bridges built in Uganda in South Africa, in Australia, in Mexico or in Peru, American firms have the experience and the perfected methods that enable them to do the work to the best advantage. It is no wonder that they can win in these competitions. The wonder is that establishments accustomed to European methods can compete at all.

Society went in automobiles to see the recent horse shows.

Wanted—A Man to Cheer For

"MEASURES, not men," was the motto on which the Whig party was founded in England; and in America all were Whigs. The Whig assumed that popular interest in plans of social reform and national elevation would suffice as a political motive power, without the stimulus of personal loyalty to men who stood for such measures before the country. Yet the Whig party itself often found it necessary to conjure with great names of the past and the present. Macaulay's history was written to show what noble characters within his party had wrought out the liberties of England in the struggle with the Stuarts. In our own days the Grand Old Man was the rallying centre of English Liberalism, which is still essentially English Whiggery. Since he left the ranks his party has all but died for want of just such a personal centre.

The instinct of loyalty to leadership is deeply imbedded in the Celtic and the Teutonic mind. The Greeks and Romans had nothing of it, as they reverenced the office or the achievement, and not the man. But the builders of that new world, which replaced the rule of Rome in Western Europe, were always loyalists, though not always royalists. It was out of this instinct of loyalty to leadership that they evolved the principle of representation, which made it possible for a free government to exist over a larger area than that whose citizens could meet in one assembly. And no political transformations have ever eradicated this instinct, however they may have modified it. The names of great men are the watchwords of republican enthusiasm, as well as of monarchical and aristocratic sentiment. Washington and Lincoln are the most precious possessions of the American Republic. And there is a growing tendency to treat the Presidents of the Republic as possessing something of that divinity which doth hedge a king, on personal as well as political grounds

In some respects this instinct of loyalty to leadership works unhappily in our political system. It is the strength of bossism in all our large cities and in most of our States. The coherence of the political machine is due in part, indeed, to the necessity for mutual assurance against loss of office. Until we effect such a reform of the civil service as will keep every officeholder in his place during his competence and his good behavior, there will be such combinations to prevent those political overturns which imply general removals. But the sense of personal devotion to the Old Man, the man "who takes care of us," the man who is strong enough to build the machine and control it, also enters into the problem, and affects a wider circle than the officeholders. Sometimes this is reinforced by admiration for personal qualities, but these are of secondary importance. The popular imagination is not exacting in this respect, and will remedy any defect without much hesitation

On the other hand, Reform is not fruitful of leadership. In some cases it has the good fortune to obtain the services of men of magnetic power, or men whose position before they stepped into the political arena was such as to affect the public mind When the head of Columbia University accepts a Mayoralty nomination, the act attracts attention. In Philadelphia the lack of such leaders is notably a source of weakness in movements toward reform. Those movements have to depend at present on arguments which appeal to the common mind, without the inspiration which comes from personal influence broadly exerted by masterful champions of the cause. The night after the recent election I overheard a young man say that the moral question was fairly put before the people, but that it lacked the kind of reinforcement which strong names could give it

Somehow Reform must enlist the instinct of personal loyalty if it is to overcome the adverse forces in our political system.

When a man begins to mistrust his own word he naturally becomes a skeptic

Chickens that Come Home to Roost

FOR four years London Punch lampooned Abraham Lincoln with pencil and pen. But when Lincoln was assassinated, Punch, in a poem which has held its place as a model of its kind, did what it could by way of reparation

Before McKinley's death the cartoonists were busy caricaturing him. But after the Buffalo tragedy in many instances the same pencils that had dwarfed the American President portrayed him as a giant in statesmanship. In almost every publication the jesters for weeks seemed afraid to touch any topic with irreverence. But as time passed this feeling wore off until now the cartoons are almost as strong as ever.

Another great shock may stop the cartoonists for a while, but caricature is born in us. We drew exaggerated pictures of our school teachers in our youth, and we look to our newspapers and comic weeklies for exaggerations as we grow older. We find the same caricature in the records of antiquity, and when Macaulay's New Zealander stands on London Bridge he will probably hold in his hand a paper with a cartoon—possibly something on the war in South Africa. In this country the demand for the funny pictures has attached to almost every journal its own cartoonist, and while there must be a paucity of ideas in the very abundance of the drawings, yet many good things are among them. For instance, who could help smiling at the cartoon which, though badly drawn and not well or conspicuously printed, showed Tammany poorly dressed and carrying a dinner-pail, with the quotation below

"Nowhere to go but out,
Nothin' to do but work."

When belittlement strikes institutions or large organizations it finds safety in numbers, it is when it deals with individuals that the greater danger comes. For instance, when Roosevelt was doing what he could by making good speeches to let people know that he was alive in the Vice-Presidency, a Congressman who owned a newspaper in an unfortunate moment pictured Roosevelt as a strenuous humbug who was wearying the public. One can imagine the statesman's feelings when he went to Washington and asked a favor of the new President, at finding that Mr. Roosevelt had the article, which, of course, had been kindly sent to him by a friend Fortunately the President knew how to take such things, but he had some fun with that Congressman-editor, who will probably be more careful hereafter how he belittles good men. The man who belittles others may have his hour of fun, but he sows a big crop of trouble for himself

By the time we get what we want in life we want something else a great deal more.

How to Get Rich Quick

THERE is one word of caution that never grows old or stale, because there is a fresh lot of innocents coming along every year. The traditional birth-rate of the "sucker"—one every minute—has increased to a thousand. In greater droves than ever before the lambs have gone baa-ing and bleating into Wall Street during the past twelve months. Oil fields have claimed their thousands, gold fields their tens of thousands, and the "get-rich quick" men the undivided remainder. Nothing has been too transparent, too flimsy, to catch its crowd of innocents. Every old skin-game and a hundred new ones have been worked on and have worked the public.

As a rule, the larger the profit you are offered the surer you are to lose your capital. The greater the percentage promised the better your chance of losing everything you have got The kittens of a wild cat are wild-cats, and it is useless to expect angoras. When a company advertises stock at thirty-five cents a share and announces an arbitrary advance to fifty within thirty days or a dividend paid in stock, you get the certificates no doubt, but nine times out of ten they are just paper.

Small investors have no place in companies of this sort unless they have personally investigated them, nor in larger concerns, even though they are trusts, capitalized for many millions, where they will be at the mercy of half a dozen cutthroats who can manipulate values to suit themselves. Invest in nothing which you have not investigated. First, know the character of the men who make up the company and direct its affairs, and second, the character of the properties from which your profits must come. There is only one way to get rich quick, and that is to get rich slow: to miss big profits and to miss big losses

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The Humor of Secretary Long

Hon. John D. Long

"SECRETARY LONG as a Congressman was not essentially a humorist like John Allen, of Mississippi, nor a wit like Tom Reed, with both of whom he frequently debated," said a prominent member of the Lower House recently; "yet, strangely enough, he won two of his most conspicuous triumphs in Congress not so much through his serious and painstaking statesmanship as by his outbursts of humor. He had worked long and patiently to have the Interstate Commerce bill passed, marshaling in his arguments facts that showed a comprehensive range of economic knowledge. There was much opposition, largely because the propositions involved in the measure were novel. The debate was prolonged through several sessions, and at last Congressman Long rose to make his final statement. Everybody expected the Representative from Massachusetts to make an extended speech filled with ponderous statistics, and the House prepared itself accordingly. Mr. Long, with impressive deliberation, said

"'Mr. Speaker, I do not intend to debate this bill any more. I had the honor to say something in regard to this question two years ago, which, of course, is fresh in the minds of the House even at this interval.'

"With that he resumed his seat. Surprise, laughter and applause greeted his action, the plaudits being not only from his opponents, glad to be delivered from one of his masterly arguments, but from his friends, who realized that the temper of the House had been strained by the seemingly endless procession of data in the Interstate Commerce debate, and knew that their able colleague had made a hit in humorously assuming that his remarks made two years before could be remembered in spite of the chaos of talk that had ensued

"The House breathed freely again, and when the vote came to be taken it was found that enough of the opposition had been won over to pass the measure. Long's delicate sense of humor and his conception of the fitness of things had brought success where a labored effort might have provoked defeat

"In the fight for the reconstruction of the American Navy Mr. Long was one of the most earnest advocates in Congress of securing to this Government a modern navy able to stand against the great squadrons of Europe. 'A national flag,' he said in the beginning of the contest, 'is a splendid thing, even though it be but a broom, but it is a worthless symbol unless the nation can keep it rocking at the masthead.' He wanted to see the finest armament installed. The day of wooden ships and hand-to-hand bravery, he used to contend, was past. 'Three hundred Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylæ,' I remember hearing him say, 'resisted the hosts of Xerxes, but the paltriest coward in the Persian ranks, standing a mile from their swords with a Hotchkiss rifle, would have laughed at them, and anon moved in derision over their riddled bodies.'

"Mr. Long's patriotic speeches thrilled the House, but a formidable opposition was against placing in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy the power to expend the necessary millions to equip the navy. Furthermore, many Congressmen clung to the mistaken notion that we could make over some of the wooden ships into formidable enough ironclads. They accepted the statement that the country should have a navy capable of resisting the floating armaments of Europe, but they were not quite converted to the idea of absolutely abandoning old-fashioned vessels and creating an entirely new navy

"Mr. Long rose to sum up the arguments of the members who were fighting the bill as it stood

"'As I have listened to gentlemen on this floor,' said he, 'and heard their eloquent statement of the need of a navy to patrol our extended coast-line, and then heard them argue so strenuously against a brand-new navy—the only and absolutely indispensable medium of defense—I was reminded of an old story of a distinguished citizen of my native State who said that he was in favor of the Maine law, but ag'in' its execution.'

"That happy anecdote accomplished what weeks and months of solid oratory had failed to do, and the bill empowering the Secretary of the Navy to call for bids for modern warships was passed almost unanimously."

The New Minister from Belgium

Baron Ludovic Moncheur, the new Minister from Belgium to the United States, has taken a much larger house in Washington than the Legation occupied last year and has been very busy since his arrival on the eighth of November fitting it up for the reception of his bride, whom he brings to the National Capital in January. The Baron is to marry Miss Clayton, daughter of General Powell Clayton, Ambassador from the United States to Mexico. The wedding will take place early in January in the capital of that Republic.

The new Legation, which is only a step from the Metropolitan Club, was turned over for a few weeks to paper-hangers, carpenters, carpet-layers and furniture men, and the Minister made little attempt to inaugurate the ordinary diplomatic and social régime of his office. As the duties of the servants who answered the doorbell consisted largely in opening the way to tradesmen, and as everybody connected with the Legation was thoroughly occupied, it frequently happened that the Baron's Flemish valet, or some other servant equally unable to speak a word of English, would open the door. During this condition of things an official from one of the Government Departments called on business of some importance. The visitor spoke no Flemish, his French was of the kind more readily understood in London than in Paris, while his German was hardly fitted for diplomatic intercourse He succeeded, however, in convincing the Flemish servant that he had business warranting an interview with the Baron, but when ushered into that Envoy's presence was at a loss to know in what language to address him.

English had failed hopelessly with the servant. The air of the office was foreign, the Minister's manner Continental, and the visitor, not wishing to force from the distinguished diplomat a confession of inability to speak English, stammered a preamble in French, then shifted to German.

The Baron, who had been smiling amiably, suggested in an English that betrayed not the slightest foreign flavor "Perhaps we shall make better headway if we continue our conversation in English," and then added in graceful explanation: "You see, I've been away from Europe for four years speaking almost nothing but English and Spanish, until it seems almost strange to revert to my native tongue."

Baron Moncheur has been in Mexico for several years studying sociological and colonial conditions for report to the Belgian Government. The Baron, besides being a literary man who has published a number of books in Brussels, is a man of wealth

The Minister has a high opinion of President Diaz. "In addition to being a soldier and a statesman," said the Baron, "he is a scholar, and, as a case in point illustrating the unexpected extent of his reading, I might mention that upon my presentation he began at once to discuss my own work. I had not imagined that anything of mine had ever found its way to Mexico. Naturally I was pleased and particularly impressed with the alertness of the President."

Baron Moncheur received his appointment as Minister Extraordinary to the United States while still in Mexico. "I was most graciously received by President Roosevelt," he says. "Your President is a strong man in every way; the American people has a right to be proud of him."

An attaché of one of the Washington Legations relates the following incident of the trip from Mexico. The new Minister entered into conversation with a plainsman of the West. The Baron's keen wit fascinated his neighbor, and he began to ask questions.

"What country do you come from, stranger?"

"From Belgium."

The Westerner strained his imperfect geographical memory in a vain attempt to assign Belgium to its proper place on the map. Presently a great light illumined him.

"Oh, yes, now I remember," he exclaimed; "that's where the Belgian hares come from"

The Toast After the Soup

President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, made a speech in 1892, at a banquet given in his honor by the pioneers of a hustling Puget Sound town through which his transcontinental road had recently staked out its right-of-way. The toastmaster was a novice in conducting an affair of such magnitude, and, aside from a feeling of insecurity in his ability successfully to carry the burden of responsibility thrust upon him, was decidedly uncomfortable in the presence of the great magnate. As the banqueters took their seats the toastmaster whispered to his nearest neighbor:

"Say, give me a tip when the time comes to toast President Hill."

Soup was served, and when the course had been partly disposed of the prompter gave the toastmaster a nudge The good man immediately arose and presented President Hill. For an hour and fifteen minutes the Great Northern official addressed the board of hungry banqueters, telling them of the bright future in store for their town. All that time the chef was gnashing his teeth as he vainly tried to keep the remaining courses in edible condition

The banqueters have long since forgiven President Hill for keeping them hungry; his words of assurance regarding the growth of the town are substantially backed up by the great industries lining its bay-front and a population many times doubled. It is even strongly suspected that President Hill will make this energetic city the home port for his great steel ships now building for the Oriental trade

Deeds as Wrapping-Paper

Mr. Charles A. Conant, journalist and publicist, now serving as United States Commissioner of Banking and Coinage in the Philippines, returned to Washington recently to furnish material for embodiment in Secretary Root's report

Mr. Conant says that reports of massacres in the Philippines are grossly exaggerated. Peace reigns, he states, in most parts of Luzon, and Manila he found to be as safe a place of residence as Philadelphia, New York or any American city

"Many people are not aware," continued Mr. Conant, "that there are three Filipinos on the Taft Commission One of these is Tavera, a physician who was educated in Paris; another is Luzuriaga, of Negros, a man of great force, and the third is Legarda, a capitalist of Manila."

Mr. Conant states that the Taft Commission seeks among other things the passage of laws that will effect so far as possible the restoration of records of land transfers. Under the loose Spanish régime many of these were lost or scattered He gives a picturesque example of this condition of things A gentleman associated with the Taft Commission entered a Chinese store in Manila to make a purchase. He was attracted by the curious-looking paper that the merchant was using to wrap parcels. Proceeding to examine it he found that it was a valuable record of a real-estate transfer. The Chinaman had a stack of them on hand, and was quite willing to sell them for a small consideration, as the entire bundle had been given to him by some impecunious Spanish official in payment for a package of cigarettes

A Million Saved, a Million Earned

Hon. W. Murray Crane

GOVERNOR CRANE, of Massachusetts, who has just been reelected by a vote the greatest in years, is a tall, quiet and reserved man. He is the head of a firm of paper makers who make the paper on which the United States banknotes are printed.

As Chief Executive of the State he has had a keen eye for the saving of expense and he found an excellent opportunity to exercise his economical bent at the time the State determined to assume control of the water-works of the city of Boston and negotiations were on foot for the adjustment of the purchase price.

The very first day negotiations opened lawyers began to flock in to see both the Governor and Mayor Hart, of Boston, and before a month had elapsed about half of the bar of the State were lined up, waiting for a retainer and expecting big fees to follow from settling the case for either one side or the other

The Governor became disturbed at the sight of it all and at the prospect of the fees ahead. Yet there was a serious question in dispute between the city and the State, and lawyers' fees seemed an unavoidable evil

At the last moment, however, he called Mayor Hart by telephone, and the two talked together. The next day there was a personal conference and the lawyers were told to wait a while. There were meetings each day, and at length the lawyers were informed that a settlement had been reached between the two executives. The Governor and Mayor carried on all the negotiations. It was a matter of millions; but the best part of the affair was that they had saved about a million dollars in fees—enough to run the plant a year.

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New Tales of the Sea

Mr. Morgan Robertson

The new book, Shipmates, by Mr. Morgan Robertson, whose novel, Masters of Men, recently appeared serially in the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. I had the opportunity of looking over one of the first copies available and found it to be a remarkably clever and well-written volume. The scenes are well studied and the characters natural, the stories being well chosen to form a continuous sea picture of ten or more chapters.

The sea has always been a difficult subject to handle, principally on account of the peculiar environment of the people who follow it, and the author of Shipmates should be congratulated upon producing a volume of such general interest. Each reader will find something pleasing in his descriptions of sailors' life. The author has evidently been a sailor and knows a woodlock from a mainbrace bumpkin, and his descriptions of the sea and its ever varying moods show him to be a keen observer of that restless world upon which so many try their fortunes.

The first yarn, The Nuisance, is well told, and the wild desire of the reformed sailor for his accustomed pipe makes an interesting background upon which are sketched the many trials and discomforts he is forced to undergo before he at last arrives at that degree of discernment that enables him to associate with those whose tastes are educated above the reek of his horrible pipe.

Polarity is also an interesting yarn, and the Dutch Port Watch is a very clever description of what happens to a vessel when master and mates are unfit for their positions.

The story of the fat boy who brings a fine yacht to wreck and disaster through his insubordination is told with both vim and humor. Mr. Robertson's aversion to fat boys can only be equaled by his hatred of bucko mates and cruel masters.

There is a definiteness and strength of purpose all through the book that cannot fail to attract the reader, and the only fault that can be found with it is that of a slight lack of local color and a little too hard a hit at American masters. However, it is not necessary for a story-teller to be a good coast pilot, and the slight errors of locality do not affect the interest in the strong and sturdy yarns.

American captains are, by the way, very much like the devil—that is, they are not quite so black as the author paints them; and besides, there are always two ways of looking at a question—one from the sailors' and one from the masters' point of view.

—*T. Jenkins Hains.*

An Ambassador to the World

When a child has been thrilled by a fascinating tale its first question is, "Mamma, is it a true story?" This is an age of fiction for grown people, but perhaps the child has the right instinct after all. It is the story that fascinates in a novel, not the fact that the novelist is telling things that never happened. If he told a true story, perhaps it would be more interesting still.

Mr. James Creelman has given us a collection of true stories (*On the Great Highway*, *Lothrop Publishing Company*). Mr. Creelman is a war correspondent, but not one of those single-idea correspondents we read of who touch nothing but battles and eat their heads off in their stalls between wars like the chargers of mediæval knights. When he is not charging at the head of a storming party he has no objection to interviewing the Pope, or discussing social reform with Tolstoi, or finding out what Kossuth thinks of politics.

The result is an intensely interesting volume. Mr. Creelman has seen almost everybody in the world who is worth seeing, and when anything of importance has happened he has usually been in the immediate vicinity. When our lines swept up the hill of El Caney he was the first man in the Spanish fort, and he paid for his eagerness with a horrible wound that brought him near to death.

A book that deals with personages so diverse as the Pope, the King of Corea, Count Tolstoi, "Butcher" Weyler, the Czar, Sitting Bull and McKinley, and with events in Manchuria, Cuba, Greece, the Philippines and Hayti, could hardly be monotonous even if the author were unskilled in the management of his material. And Mr. Creelman is an artist who knows how to give every point its highest effect. His book is journalism glorified.

A reflection that must occur to anybody on reading this work, whose twenty chapters are but the essence of as many volumes written by the author from day to day and forgotten when the next day's paper dropped from the press, must be that it takes a pretty broad gauged man to be a good newspaper correspondent. Mr. Creelman has had to see everything, literally "from China to Peru," and talk to everybody with a thorough understanding of the subject on which each is a specialist. Imagine yourself talking with the Pope, with Tolstoi, with Weyler, with Canovas del Castillo, with Kossuth, with King George of Greece, with Mendouh Pasha, with Sitting Bull, with General Lawton, and with President Hippolyte of Hayti, and drawing from each his best thought on the matters to which he has devoted his life and you will begin to realize something of what it means to be an ambassador of a newspaper to the world at large. Then try to write two stories so utterly different, and yet each so thrilling in its way, as the account of the charge at El Caney and the description of the race with a woman for a cable, and you will have a new respect for a writer of such varied attainments.

—*Samuel E. Moffett.*

Getting an Autograph of Davis

Not long ago a Chicago girl, in looking over a book of autographs of famous people, ran across this letter:

Dear Miss X: Your note requesting autograph is a model. Please start a school of collectors. WILLIAM GILLETTE.

Chicago, October 7, 1897.

This letter immediately interested the girl and she inquired by what method her friend had secured so flattering a reply.

The owner of the letter explained that she had sent the actor a blank sheet of paper, with the words, "Your autograph, please," written at the top of the sheet. This she sent with a stamped envelope for reply.

"The brevity of my note evidently pleased Mr. Gillette, for no doubt he is bored to death with many foolish notes from hundreds of matinée girls and other autograph fiends like myself," she said.

The rival collector was struck with the originality of the idea, and, thinking to repeat her friend's success in securing such a fine note said: "I think I shall try that plan also, and then I, too, shall have some clever little letters to add to my book."

That same afternoon she sent a card with the brief phrase, "Your autograph, please," to Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and within a few days she received the following dry response, written on the same card, beneath her short request:

You seem pressed for time.

R. H. DAVIS.

Some of the New Books

FOR LOVE OR CROWN: *Arthur W. Marchmont.* Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Graham Balfour.* Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE TRAITOR'S WAY: *S. Levett-Yeats.* Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE VICTORS: *Robert Barr.* Frederick A. Stokes Company.

NEIGHBORS OF FIELD, WOOD AND STREAM: *Morton Grinnell.* Frederick A. Stokes Company.

MAUDE ADAMS: *Acton Davies.* Frederick A. Stokes Company.

SALAMMBO: *Gustave Flaubert.* Doubleday, Page & Co.

A YEAR IN A YAWL: *Russell Doubleday.* Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX: *Agnes Repplier.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE MARROW OF TRADITION: *Charles W. Chesnutt.* Houghton Mifflin & Co.

THE AWARD OF JUSTICE: *A. Maynard Barbour.* Rand, McNally & Co.

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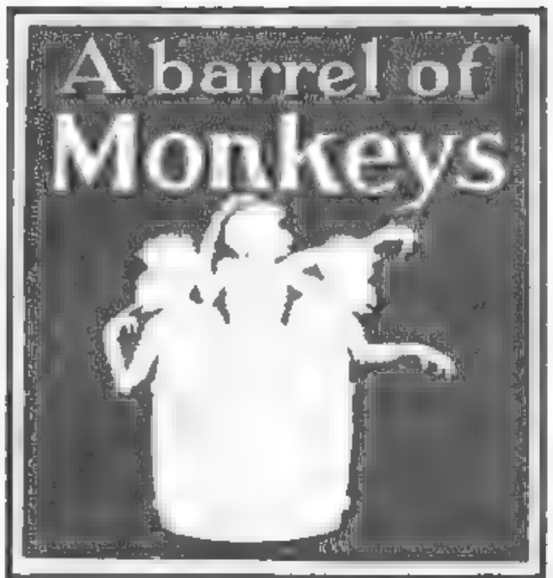

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AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

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The King James Code

WE HAVE heard that very frequently the Boers in camp make use of a song service, evening and morning, in place of taps and reveille, and now we learn that during their present war they, in many instances, closed important dispatches with a Biblical reference. Thus, when Cronje was surrounded and messages were flashed with difficulty to the forces outside of the English lines, he did not fail to add to some of the messages the chapter and verse of the Scriptures that expressed his feelings.

On the morning of February 25, 1900, President Kruger telegraphed De Wet: "Inform Cronje that large reinforcements are advancing to his relief. Psalms xxii, 21 ('Save me from the lion's mouth: for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns')." De Wet transmitted this message by heliograph and added: "Psalms lxiv, 7 ('But God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded')." The afternoon of the same day Cronje replied: "My provisions are running short, but I do not doubt but that I shall be able, with God's help, to break through the enemy's lines on the north. Psalms xx, 7 ('Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God')."

De Wet on the morning of the following day heliographed to Cronje: "Reinforcements expected to day. Hold out until to-morrow evening. I shall send you supplies as soon as possible. Psalms lix, 15 ('Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied')." Cronje immediately answered: "The enemy has been greatly strengthened and I am in desperate straits. Psalms iii, 1 ('Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me')." De Wet replied: "Reinforcements are now in sight. I shall make an attack to-night. Psalms lx, 1 ('O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast scattered us, Thou hast been displeased; O turn Thyself to us again')."

In the evening of that day Cronje heliographed: "Bombardment is terrible and our losses are great. The majority of our troops favor surrender. Psalms cviii, 12 ('Give us help from trouble; for vain is the help of man')." This heliogram was intercepted by the English, who sent a message to both of the Boer Generals saying: "Further resistance on the part of Cronje is a useless waste of life; he is surrounded by 70,000 men with 120 cannon. Not a man can survive unless surrender is immediate;" then, to show equal familiarity with Holy Writ, they closed with the reference: "Psalms lxiii, 10 ('They shall fall by the sword; they shall be a portion for foxes')."

President Kruger, who began this remarkable series of citations, sent the last one. When he was informed of the death of his wife, his friends in Pretoria asked him what should be done with his house. His reply was simply: "Proverbs vii, 19, 20 ('For the goodman is not at home, he is gone a long journey; he hath taken a bag of money with him, and will come home at the day appointed')."

Anarchy in Practice

LAURENT TAILHADE, the editor of the Parisian anarchist newspaper, who has lately been condemned for writing dangerous and inflammatory articles, and who summoned M. Zola to his defense as a witness, has long been known as a holder of revolutionary and socialistic doctrines.

Most of the newspapers have recalled how he first became famous when, as a mild-mannered poet, he defended the abominable bomb-throwing outrage of Emile Henry in the Café Terminus by declaring that "*Le geste est beau.*" which is rather inaccurately rendered into English by "the movement or gesture is beautiful," but few seem to have remembered the ironical joke which fate played on M. Tailhade a few months later.

There was another attempted bomb outrage near the Luxembourg, when an infernal machine was placed just under the window of a noted and expensive restaurant where the rich bourgeoisie of the Quarter might be supposed by anarchists to spend their ill-gotten gains.

The bomb, however, was badly made and it did no damage worth speaking of. But, curiously enough, at the table just inside the window sat M. Laurent Tailhade, offering a rather sumptuous dinner to a lady.

Any one who knows Paris can imagine to what an extent the newspapers informed M. Tailhade that "*Le geste est beau.*"

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Success at Sixty

The Story of the Inventor of the Holland Torpedo Boat

By Paul Latzke

ON A LEVEL with the gilded cross that tops the towering steeple of Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, a man is sitting these days tasting success after forty years of bitter struggles and disappointments. A short time ago he was still conducting an uphill fight for recognition; to-day he is carrying out a contract for over a million dollars awarded to him and his associates by the United States. To-day the eyes of the entire world are riveted with admiration on the creation of his genius, the submarine torpedo boat Fulton, which has just come out with flying colors from the most severe test ever imposed on a submarine craft, having lain with her crew for fifteen hours at the bottom of the ocean. The government of every civilized country is at this moment receiving elaborate reports concerning his handiwork, and it is prophesied that, as a result of the Fulton's performance, naval warfare will be substantially modified

The window where the man sits affords one of the finest views in the world. It is on the nineteenth floor of one of the tall buildings of New York. The other skyscrapers that crowd all about lie below it. Over and between them he has before his eyes the constantly moving panorama of the busy, crowded shipping in New York Bay. Ferryboats by the score are constantly shooting in and out Busy puffing tugs are scuttling in all directions. Monster sailing vessels in tow come swinging into sight. Tramps of all sizes and shapes plod slowly across the scene, making for the docks in the East and North Rivers Away off to the left are The Narrows, the entrance to the upper harbor of New York A four-funneled ocean monster has just swung through this entrance and is coming majestically up the Bay. The man brings his spy-glass to bear on the new arrival.

"That's the Kaiser," he says, "and a beauty she is"

"Some day, I suppose, you will be building one like her, only to travel under, instead of on, the water?"

"Never," he makes answer, putting down the long glass. "No submarine boat over two hundred feet long will ever be built."

You may accept that dictum, for the man from whom it comes is the world's greatest authority on "submarines," Mr. John P Holland

Mr. Holland doesn't seem to feel particularly at home in his office. It is one of a suite of rooms finished in cherry, with lofty ceilings, wide swinging doors and plate-glass windows. It is on the nineteenth floor at 100 Broadway, a building noted for the elegance of its appointments. It swarms with bankers and trust magnates and corporation lawyers, and among them Mr. Holland seems pretty well lost, for he is a modest and retiring man.

A Pen-Picture of the Inventor

Small, not over five feet five, with stooping shoulders, an awkward gait, and a nervous manner, caused principally by the fact that he is very near-sighted, the great inventor does not make an impression at first sight His clothing does not help in the matter either. A big black derby, anything but fashionable, a suit of gray that has seen better days, an old-fashioned "made up" tie of gray, a queer little collar with turned-down ears, constitute his invariable costume. But if you know your business you never see the man's general exterior. Your attention is held by his face. It is a genial, kindly Irish face, with a laugh on it much of the time, and a touch that betokens firmness, unfaltering determination and considerable shrewdness Altogether he looks the ideal inventor.

Until you have seen him three or four times he is trying in conversation, for his voice is so low that you must strain to hear. But afterward he unfolds—that is, if he likes you. Then his talk takes on a charm that is warming, and you are sorry when you have to go away. The eyes, the color of which I have never been able to determine, beam behind his spectacles, his features light up and his tongue gives you entertainment such as only men who know things have the power to give. You wonder, then, how old he is.

"How old do you think? Make a guess and I'll make it easier by saying to start with it's over forty."

"Forty-six or forty-seven?"

"Dear, dear, it's a good thing I've not been hanging since I saw forty-seven. No, sir, I'm fifty-nine. Rather late in life to win success, isn't it? Forty years I've been at it, and only just succeeded."

"The struggle doesn't seem to have told on you much."

"Because I always knew that sooner or later success must come. The worst troubles are not hard to bear when you know that Troubles and disappointments came thick and fast and steadily enough, but I always looked beyond. It's good philosophy

"I worked at my submarine boat idea when I could, at other things when I couldn't. For twenty-one years I taught school, from 1858 to 1879. I was born in the shadow of a shipyard in Cork, and by the time I was six my future had been determined. It was the sea. At fourteen I passed successfully an examination in navigation. But then I was done for. I was so near-sighted that no one would trust me even to row a two-oared boat, much less to navigate a ship."

How Mr. Holland Discounted the Future

Like everything else that is bitter in life, young Holland took this disappointment philosophically. He fitted himself for school-teaching, the refuge in former times of the near-sighted. But he always looked to shipping as his ultimate occupation, the mechanical end, if the other end was closed to him But they didn't want near-sighted mechanics any more than they wanted near-sighted sailormen, so the young fellow took it out in reading and studying out of school hours. With the instinct of genius, which always knows its own bent, he fastened on the problem of naval warfare. The question of armor protection for water craft had come up about that time. The French had successfully sent two "floating batteries" against the Russian fortifications in the Crimea. A set of English "floating batteries" had been burned on the stocks by Russian spies. The young fellow followed these developments with enthusiastic eagerness. With an indulgent smile he read of the English naval officers' opposition to armor. Then, as now, the British seamen were against all "newfangled ideas." They accepted steam engines, and iron hulls and belts of armor plate only when they were forced on them by the example of other nations.

The young school-teacher was not in the least disconcerted by the opinions of the Englishmen. He knew that armor-plated ships had come to stay. For a while he believed that it was in this line that his inventive faculty must be developed. Then came an incident that switched him to his true course. He came across an article dealing with the experiments of Fulton and Bushnell in submarine boats for war purposes. He felt that he must discount the future development of the armored vessel if he wanted to do something to make a stir in the world Thereafter he dreamed of the submarine boat that should make the "floating battery" as helpless as the battery had made the wooden ship. The destruction of the Merrimac by the Monitor served to make him certain that he was on the right course.

Within a month after the news of this famous sea fight had reached Cork the Irish schoolmaster had completed a drawing of a submarine torpedo boat. It wasn't the boat of to-day, but the main ideas were there, and the Fulton and her seven consorts, which are being finished for Uncle Sam, are but the logical development of the plan roughly set down on paper in the Cork schoolhouse.

"You didn't succeed in interesting the British Government or the English shipbuilders in your plan?"

"I never tried. I knew that in a country where coal and iron and mechanical skill were as plenty as they were in England, the development of the large armor-plated ships must come first. But my work lay beyond those ships and against them, I felt certain. Therefore, I must get to a place to develop my plans where mechanics in shipbuilding were less advanced, and the available material for big armor-clads scarcer. Then, too, I was an Irishman. I had never taken part in political agitation, but my sympathies were with my country, and I had no mind to do anything that would make John Bull any

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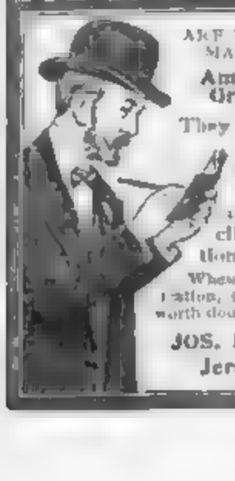

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Money was too scarce for a long while to think of finding the promised land. Thirty pounds a year doesn't go very far even if you live in Cork and are a frugal bachelor. But finally the savings had grown and the schoolmaster sailed in the steerage for America.

The Inventor's Disappointments

He landed practically penniless, but he had friends in Paterson, New Jersey, and there he got an appointment as a school teacher. Pay was better than at Cork, but, even so, one cannot build "submarines" on a schoolmaster's savings. From 1873, when he reached Paterson, until 1875, Mr. Holland worked quietly to secure financial backing. In 1875 he finally got a promise that the funds for developing his invention would be found if the United States Government would indorse his plans. With infinite care he prepared a free-hand plan of his boat. It provided for a cigar-shaped shell fifteen feet long in which there was room for one man sitting upright. He was the steersman and crew, and his legs furnished the motive power which, by means of a treadle, worked a screw propeller.

The suspense was soon over.

Mr. Robeson, then Secretary of the Navy under President Grant, referred the plan to Captain Simpson, in charge of the Naval Station at Newport. The Captain promptly returned it with his disapproval, based on the grounds that no man in his senses could be gotten to operate it, and that if a lunatic was found who would go down in the vessel there would be no way of directing it under water.

Mr. Holland treated Captain Simpson's conclusions with such respect as he could, and went along with his scheme, and, incidentally, teaching school. A man—Mr. J. Breslin, of Paterson—was finally found who put up the money to build a "submarine" on the plan disapproved by Captain Simpson. It was put on a truck at the old Albany Iron Works in New York, where it was built. From there it was taken by rail to Paterson, and launched on the placid Passaic.

It was six weeks before the craft could be tested, owing to the strenuous interest of the Patersonians. Every time Mr. Holland showed his face in the neighborhood where the boat lay he was surrounded by a mob of a thousand or more mill hands. He took stage fright each time and retired precipitately. Finally the little machine was towed well up the river, and the inventor went down in her. He remained under water an hour, and his backer was so well pleased with the results that he at once placed an order for a vessel thirty one feet long.

The First Dawn of Brilliant Success

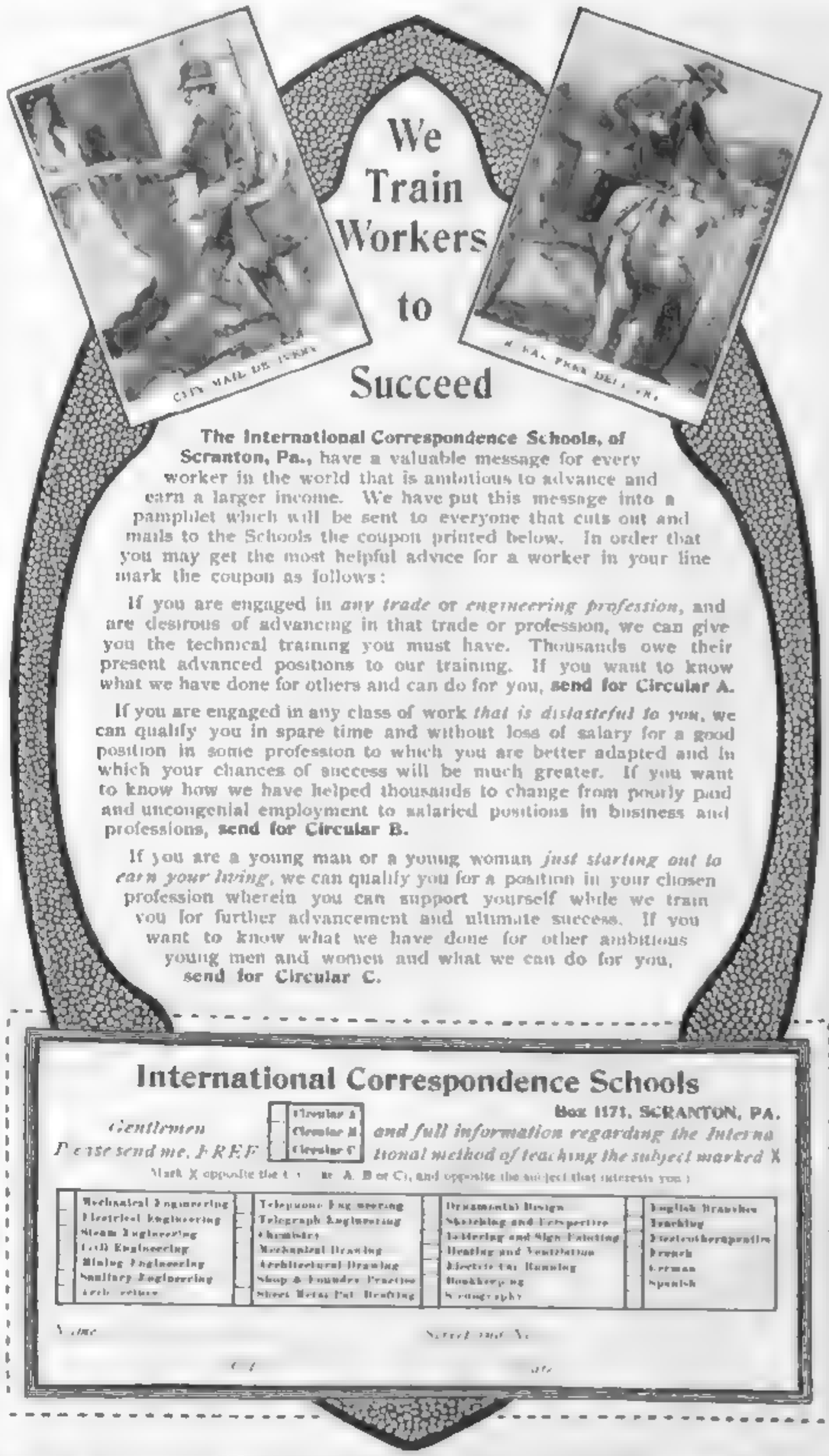
In 1879 Mr. Holland hung up his ferrule in St. John's School and devoted himself entirely to the construction of this new boat. It was launched in 1881. A fifteen-foot working model of the torpedo boat, much as it is today, was finished a year later. The capitalist of the combination shortly after took it into his head to carry both the boats off to New Haven. The first news Mr. Holland had of the project was the information that the working model had been lost in Long Island Sound. It has never been found. The other boat is still at New Haven. The inventor refused to have anything to do with her and broke his association with his partner.

Nine years of struggling followed, the inventor making his living meanwhile as a machinist. Captain Zalinski, of pneumatic gun fame, organized a company for him in 1886. This company failed after struggling along for some years. Finally, in 1895, a new company was organized and the Holland was built. After four years of heart breaking effort and trial this boat was at last sold to the Government, and in 1899 Congress approved an order for eight additional boats to cost $175,000 each. Forty years of patient endeavor had finally been crowned with success.

"And has it been worth while?"

"I certainly think so," the submarine philosopher declared, weighing the question critically; "my children will probably think it a fine thing."

These children, by the way, are not the least remarkable appurtenances of a remarkable man. Mr. Holland did not marry until he was nearly fifty. Now he is the father of five as lusty youngsters as ever made things lively for their neighbors. The eldest is a boy of ten. The others, two boys and two girls, grade down by easy steps. The family live at Thirteenth Avenue and Seventh Street, Newark, and the town is proud of them.



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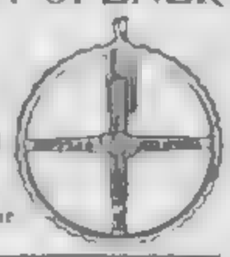

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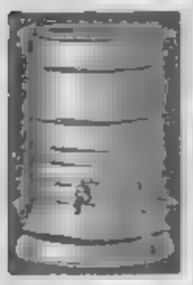

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The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

(Continued from Page 8)

rights of man, and all were rude and prejudiced, incapable of appreciating a rule of absolute justice. To them the red man was fair game. Some of them were foolhardy pioneers who had taken a pride in pushing into the land while yet it belonged to the red men. Others were cattlemen who followed the soldiers in order to fatten their stock on free grass under the protection of Uncle Sam's cavalry. Each man stood for self. Not one of them all rose to the conception that in the eyes of God they were of no more favor than the lowliest red babe swinging in its cradle beside a teepee, and that civilization does not mean a Winchester rifle and a wooden saloon.

The movement was headed by Streeter and Johnson, and Brisbane lent his influence to the bill as a matter of politics as well as gain. Streeter went at once to Washington, laden with papers, affidavits, appeals, petitions and news clippings, and laid siege to the Department. "Something must be done, and at once," he said, and immediately the newspapers of the State broke forth in confirmatory demands.

Probably these forces all wondered at the little impression they were able to make on the Committee and the Secretary. But Streeter was not entirely in the dark. The Secretary interrupted him in the midst of his pleas

"Mr. Streeter, you are a cattleman, I believe?"

Streeter looked a little confused. "I am; yes, sir, Mr. Secretary."

"Are you the Streeter located on the Reservation itself?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are an interested witness. I can't take your word against that of Captain Curtis, an army officer. He tells me the Tetongs are peaceful and quick to respond to all he does for them. I can't take your word nor that of all the settlers on the Reservation against a man who has nothing to gain or lose in the decision. Is there any further question you would like to raise?"

Streeter took his dismissal hard. He went at once to Brisbane and reported his rebuff. He was furious and eager for retaliatory measures, but Brisbane was not a man to grow irresolute over any dismay or defeat. He musingly said:

"We must sound Congress on the matter very quietly. If we cannot secure removal we will get a bill to purchase the settlers' interests at a handsome figure. If we are balked there I have a nice little plan for purchasing the V-shaped western edge of the yellow spot."

Streeter smiled. "I see—it *looks* small, but has all the water and grass."

"Precisely. So don't get worried—go ahead—we'll see you through."

Brisbane, being a candidate for reelection to the Senate, was not only anxious to serve the cattle interest, but also hated the red men with the rancor of a man who had looked upon them all his life as obstructions to his plans.

It occurred to him one night, when Lawson was at dinner with him, to ask about Curtis.

"You were out there on the Fort Smith Reservation, weren't you, Lawson? Wasn't that where you and Elsie were camped?"

"Yes, Senator; we were in the enemies' country."

Brisbane started a little. "Why, of course, you were there—my memory is failing me. Well, about this man Curtis—he's a crank on the Indian question, like yourself, isn't he?"

Lawson smiled. "We believe in fair play, Governor. Yes; he's friendly to the Indians."

"And a man of some ability, I take it."

"He's a man of unusual ability. He is an able forester, a well-read ethnologist, and has made many valuable surveys for the War Department."

"His word has considerable weight with the Department, I find."

"Justly, too, for he is as able a man as ever held an Agent's position."

Elsie, who had been listening in meditative silence, now spoke. "You forget what I told you about his treatment of Uncle Sennett? I think Captain Curtis was brutal in his case."

Brisbane looked at Lawson solemnly and winked. Turning to his daughter he said: 'I recall your story now—yes, he was vigorous, but then, he was under orders. He couldn't do any different."

Elsie lifted her eyebrows. "Is that really true? He kept repeating that he was under orders, but I took that to be just an excuse for his conduct, which I considered barbarous."

"Mighty little you know about war, my girl. To be a soldier means to obey orders from general down to corporal. Moreover, your 'uncle,' as you call him, isn't a sweet-smelling violet exactly, and I wouldn't insist on a relationship which does us no credit."

Plainly Elsie was getting deeper into the methods and the private opinions of her father than ever before. As he spoke she had an inner vision of the handsome figure of Captain Curtis as he had stood before her in the studio asking for a kindlier good-by. His head was beautiful and his eyes were deep and sweet, but her—uncle——

She looked up at her father with frowning brows. "I thought you liked Uncle Henry. I thought you got him his place."

Brisbane laughed. "My dear—he was a political choice. He was doing work for our side, so I had him put in."

"Do you mean you knew he was dishonest?"

Brisbane pulled himself up short. "Now, see here, my chicken, you're getting out of your bailiwick."

"But I want to know—if you knew he was stealing? Why didn't you——"

"I didn't know it. How should I know it? I put him there for other work. I didn't suppose he would sag down into a sot and a petty plunderer—now let's have no more of this. Come, let's go into the music room, and while you play for Lawson I'll doze."

It was Sunday in the great Brisbane house on Massachusetts Avenue, and a rainy night outside. As Lawson looked out of the window the wet asphalt of the street reflected the glow of the street lamps on either side like a canal of ink, and aslant the light occasional flakes of wet snow could be seen mingling with the thick rain.

As he turned to the interior, rich and warm, and his eyes rested on the figure of the graceful girl, he said with tender cadence:

"This is a good night to visit the Brisbanes."

"I'm glad you like us so well, Lawson," said Brisbane from his deep chair before the grate.

Elsie seldom laughed at her father's jokes, and just at this time she did not feel in the humor to smile. Her mother had been a very spiritual-minded and sympathetic woman, and at times Elsie seemed strongly of her mother's quality. After a song or two she excused herself by saying:

"While you are smoking, Osborne, I will write a letter—if you don't mind?"

"Not at all," he replied. "Only you must not forget and not come down again."

"I promise," she said as she went out.

Her studio had been added to the north side of the house and was on a level with her sitting-room, which served, in fact, as a reception-room to the studio. It was all ablaze with electric light and very lovely, and as she hurried through it she could not help recalling the rough walls of the Fort, and the miserable figure she made in her last interview with Captain Curtis.

Proud and willful as she was, the girl had always prided herself on being just. She could not bear to be placed in a position which made her unworthy. In a sense her justice was selfish and unsympathetic, for the wronged one was usually of less account in her remorse than her own proud self. It was with a feeling that she must clear herself of any taint of injustice that she sat down to write a letter to Curtis.

"Dear Captain Curtis," she began, and she breathed into these words a spirit of patronization which made their social significance less intimate than the letter seemed: "I have just learned to-night that everything you told me about Mr. Sennett was true, and that you *were* acting under orders and could not avoid doing as you did. I beg your pardon, therefore. I cannot afford to be unjust and so I hasten to write this letter. I knew my uncle only as a child knows such a man—he was always very good and amusing to me—I, of course, had no conception of what he really was. I now see that you were right and I was wrong. I suppose a soldier's first idea is to carry out his orders. I thought you very harsh and unsympathetic, but I may change my mind about that. Please remember me to your sister. Very sincerely,

ELSIE BRISBANE."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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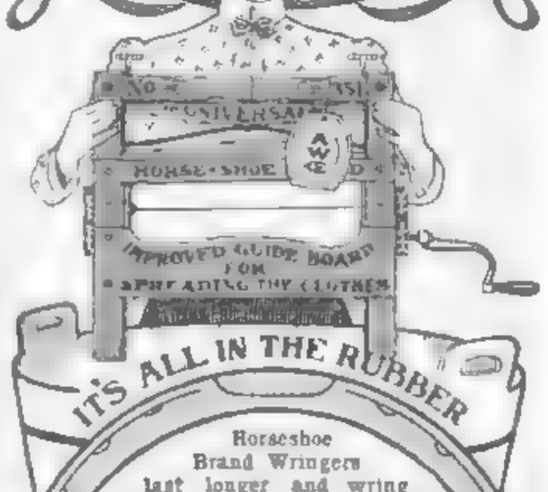

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His Gift of Eloquence

(*Continued from Page 11*)

The ascent was growing steeper and the horses toiled along slowly. Once they crossed a frozen river of lava, and occasionally the cabmen pointed out to them a huge stone, telling them in Italian that it had dropped there during the last eruption.

The Professor derived a certain pleasure from conversing in Italian with the driver, whose remarks he translated to the remainder of the company, especially to Mr. Fuller. Here, at least, was his superiority manifest.

"I used to know Italian very well myself once," asserted the lawyer, "but in the great world, where manly interests absorb one's attention, one forgets his little schoolboy accomplishments."

The three musicians left them and were succeeded by a one-legged beggar and his son. The former simply begged and the latter kept running up the road to stand on his head until the carriage reached him. They rested a while at an inn where they paid five lire a bottle for wine worth twenty centesimi, and where they put on their heavy wraps, for it was getting cold. Setting out again they left all signs of vegetation behind, and came to the lava slopes.

"A region of utter desolation," said Mr. Fuller, with a sweep of the arm. "A sea frozen in the midst of a storm, a nightmare from Dante. Behold what a sculptor the great volcano is! You have seen in the draperies of a statue how the idea of wind and motion is represented in marble curves that have remained motionless for hundreds, yes"—and he cast a tentative eye at Mr. Baker—"thousands of years. Is not this a carven storm?"

While they were riding up the funicolare, or rope railway, on the side of the cone, Mr. Fuller again distinguished himself by telling what would happen should the rope break. Arriving at the foot of the cone, they staggered through the yielding ashes and snow to the crater.

They found themselves in a narrow path around the top of a great ant heap, walking in a blue cloud of sulphurous fumes. At their left, a few yards away, the ant heap ended abruptly in a curving line, as though it had been cut into by a circular saw. They could see but a couple of rods of this line ahead of them, as its ends were swallowed up in smoke. On the other side of the line was a dense, impenetrable wall of vapor. When they stopped to listen, they could hear deep down and far away a horrible, uncanny, infinitely vast bubbling. Mrs. Bascomb and Mabel would not even walk in the path.

"It's too close," said Mabel, "and I can't get out of my head that description of Mr. Fuller's. Where's the Professor?"

"And don't you see," shouted the lawyer triumphantly, "that it would be just as I said? Here is a man walking by the edge. Suddenly a scream is heard——"

Even as he said it a hoarse cry of "Help!" was heard at some distance behind them.

"What's that?" cried Fuller. They looked, but could see nothing.

"The Professor!" shrieked Mabel, running back, accompanied by the lawyer. Mrs. Bascomb, weak from fear, sank to a sitting posture upon the soft ashes. They had gone but a short distance when they saw three men lying upon their stomachs. One was holding another by the ankles, and this second had seized a third by the wrists.

"Save him, save him!" cried Mabel hoarsely, wringing her hands. "Oh, God in Heaven, help him! Help him!"

Catching hold of one of the Italians she pulled frantically, and the lawyer followed her example. Slowly the living chain retreated from the treacherous edge. The Professor staggered to his feet and brushed the ashes from his clothes.

"It's a little soft there," he said foolishly. "Where—where's my hat?"

Mabel threw her arms about his neck.

"Thank God! Thank God!" she sobbed. "My dear old professor!"

That evening Mr. Baker and Mabel were sitting alone on the balcony, very close together. They had seen Mr. Fuller off on the 7:30 train for Brindisi and Mrs. Bascomb was lying down, overcome by fatigue.

"I have loved you for years," whispered Mabel in the Professor's ear. "But I didn't realize it. Mr. Fuller's talk last night made me think, 'Suppose it should happen to you?' But even then I didn't quite understand that I loved you. But now I know!"

And she snuggled closer.

"Mr. Fuller is a very eloquent man," sighed the Professor contentedly.

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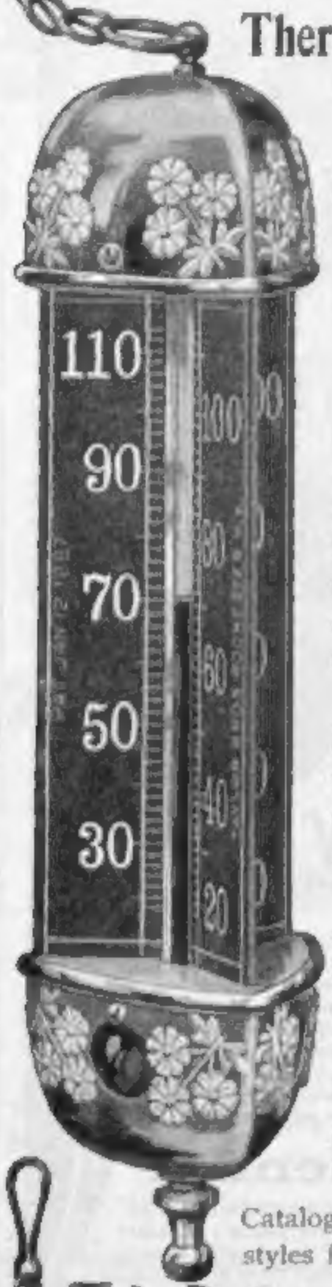

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The Uses of Peanuts

There are reports of a wonderful new kind of peanut, called the "Japanese White Mammoth," grown in Matagorda County, Texas. It is of giant size, and is said to yield eighty-seven barrels to the acre.

One reason for being interested in this news is the fact that the peanut crop of the old-time peanut-growing region of the South has been diminishing alarmingly of late years, large areas that formerly produced from fifty to one hundred bushels an acre now yielding not more than twenty bushels. The cause of the trouble is careless farming—neglect to fertilize the soil, and lack of rotation of crops. Virginia, however, still has an annual output of something like 3,000,000 bushels; Tennessee and North Carolina come next.

The finest peanuts in the world come from Virginia, and in that State is the greatest peanut market, at Norfolk, where are a number of large "factories," in which the newly gathered "goobers," as they come in from the rural districts, are winnowed and screened to clean them, and sorted and shipped to jobbers in other cities.

It is now believed that the peanut was originally a native of Brazil, and that it should properly make a fifth in the list of plants of great commercial importance credited to America, the others being the potato, tobacco, maize and cotton. As far back as the seventeenth century it was extensively cultivated in the Old World, and had become such an important article of food in Africa that the slave-dealers loaded their vessels with it, using it as provender for their cargoes of captives.

African peanuts, which are small and nearly round, and contain a single kernel, used to be imported largely into this country, but they have been driven out by our superior varieties. However, the African nuts contain a greater percentage of oil, for the sake of which immense quantities of them, mostly raised in Senegambia and along the east coast, are shipped to Marseilles for conversion into pure "olive oil." The poorer peanuts are employed for soap; the residue, after pressing, is known as "cake," and brings thirty dollars a ton as cattle fodder; and the shells are utilized as material for paper.

Recent experiments by dietetic experts have shown that one pound of peanut meal contains nearly as much nutriment as three pounds of lean beef. The meal, which is obtained by grinding the "cake," costs four cents a pound in bulk, and the Germans have prepared from it several agreeable articles of diet—such as "peanut grits," and "peanut flour," this latter being ground and bolted like ordinary flour. Palatable crackers have also been made from this crude by-product of the oil mill.

Counterfeit Navajo Blankets

The demand for Navajo blankets has become so enormous that the actual output of those much-prized articles of aboriginal manufacture does not begin to supply the market. Accordingly, they are being turned out in Germany in immense quantities, and are imported thence into this country, being forwarded in solid carload lots to California, which is the chief centre of the trade.

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Navajo blankets in large quantities are manufactured in Jersey City, and many of them are very pretty and satisfactory, so long as nobody knows the difference. The Indians themselves, naturally, have been delighted to find in their weaving work a source of large revenue, and, not being able to obtain sufficient supplies of wool from their own flocks of sheep, they buy from dealers thousands of pounds of the ordinary knitting wool that goes under the name of "Germantown wool." Thanks to these helps, the Navajo blanket is becoming a very familiar and even common commercial article.

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